

The TATLER

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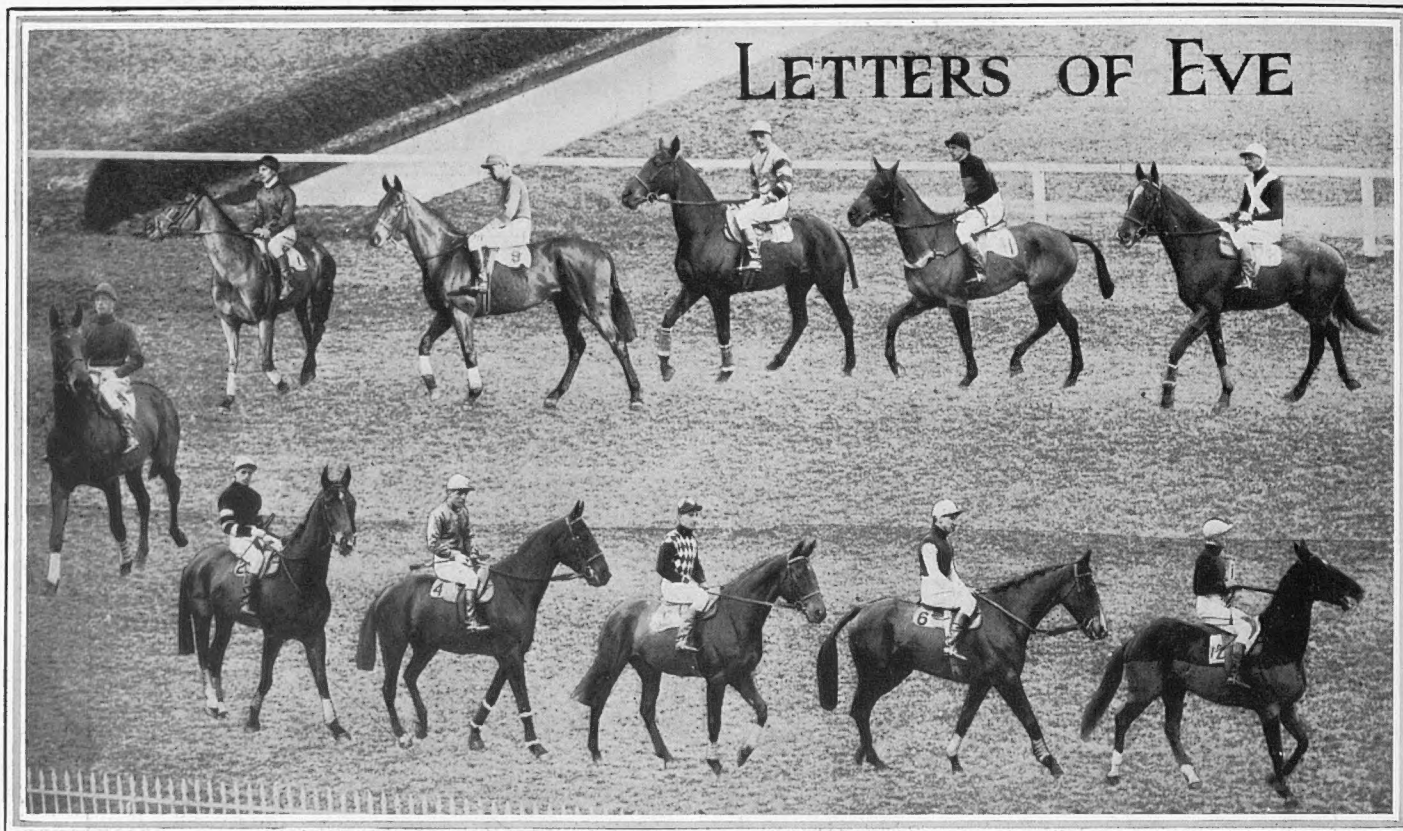
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AT PEACE ASHORE—AT WAR AFLOAT!

MR. C. M. JOHNSTON (OXFORD PRESIDENT)—MR. H. R. N. RICKETT (CAMBRIDGE PRESIDENT)

The Blue water battle on Saturday at the moment looks to be very open, and although the experts will not allow that either crew is "super," they are, at any rate, agreed that both will come out to the stake boats lit to go for their lives. A Cambridge critic has said that, if Oxford were a bit slower forward—their only fault so far as he could see—they might easily win it. Mr. C. M. Johnston, the President of the O.U.B.C., is Shrewsbury and Brasenose, and Mr. H. R. N. Rickett, the President of the C.U.B.C., Eton and Third Trinity



THE GRAND NATIONAL—SOME OF THE ACCEPTORS

A clever composite picture of eleven of the thirty-nine left in the big 'chase at the last acceptance. This is a high average out of an original entry of fifty-eight. It is not the same thing as saying that the whole thirty-nine will run. The names, reading from the leading horse in the right-hand bottom corner, are: Gregalach, Annandale, Vinicole, Coup de Chapeau, Remus, The Ace II, Grakle, Great Span, Alike, Prince Cherry, and Shaun Goulin. There are not a few people who think that that fine horse, Remus, may upset the odds betted about both Grakle and Gregalach—but what a toss-up it all is!

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

MY DEAR,—How the weeks have flown since Christmas. Here we are with Easter only ten days off, prospects of winning fortunes on the National on Friday, and flat-racing already started.

And talking of fortunes, one of my psychic friends assures me that she has had some special information about the double—Knight of the Vale and Annandale. Anyhow there is at least rhyme and rhythm in the combination.

Some of our leading patrons of the Turf have been in the wars, both actually and metaphorically, these last few days. Lord Lonsdale had a very nasty fall while he was at the Stud House, near his old home, Barleythorpe. And though it did not prevent his getting about and coming to London, the result was some sort of injury to his jaw which prevented his smoking for a time. And as none of us can even begin to visualize the yellow earl without his famous cigar, we can only hope that he will soon be quite himself again.

* * *

Poor Sir Walter Gilbey may take longer to forget his criticisms on the Riders in Rotten Row. That sounds like the title of a best seller. For he has been rather unmercifully chaffed about it. But it was rather amusing to watch the little comedy in Hyde Park the other morning. Surrounded by reporters and a camera or two, he would occasionally point with his stick at anyone whom he thought worthy. Whereupon someone dashed out like a retriever, collected horse and rider, and gathered them with Sir Walter to pose for a photograph.

Of course conservatism and a certain clinging to traditions do seem to go with a special interest in things to do with horses. But it just occurred to me to wonder what was the effect on the populace when Catherine de Medici made her first public appearance on a side-saddle, a thing which she herself invented some hundreds of years ago.

Many sportsmen, both old and young, may have thought a lot. But they probably refrained from audible comment for fear of the Queen's Poisoner, whose attention it was so very undesirable to attract.

* * *

Turning from the past to the present, and a rather more pleasing kind of Royal appointment, I hear that Colonel "Mouse" Tomkinson is to take on the management of the Egerton House stud, and as he has great experience of racing and horses I hope that he will be able to produce some good winners for His Majesty. And Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, whose late husband was the former manager, has taken a house near Newmarket so that she can still keep up her interest in the stud.

Royal Lodge, in Windsor Park, where she lived formerly, has now, as you know, been given to the Duke and Duchess of York. It was too big for her, of course, but it must be rather a wrench to leave it, for she took a tremendous interest in the garden, and had several aviaries where she bred all kinds of exotic birds. It is a pretty Georgian house, near the Copper Horse, with a curious billiard room shaped like a pavilion, which it owes, I need hardly mention, to George IV. Rumour has also endowed it with an underground passage to Cumberland Lodge, but I can't be sure about that.



MRS. EWART LEVY

Lenore

Sir Albert and Lady Levy's daughter, whose marriage to Mr. Ewart Levy took place last week at the West London Synagogue, Upper Berkeley Street. Mr. Ewart Levy is the only son of Sir Maurice Levy, Bt., of Great Glen House, Leicestershire. Mr. Levy was for some time Assistant-Secretary (unpaid) to the Admiral Superintendent at Devonport

Sir Ian Colquhoun, who has just been made Lord High Commissioner of Scotland, and will therefore represent the King at Holyrood this summer, is one of the most popular figures in the North, largely owing to his cheerful personality. Short, good-looking, and with an attractive voice, he is a first-class boxer, a keen deer-stalker, and an all-round sportsman, and a few years ago he went on an expedition to North East Land, near the North Pole, for purposes of surveying this ice-bound territory.

His wife, who is the Duchess of Rutland's sister, is very dark and extremely good-looking, and has five attractive children. They live mostly at Rossshu, on a promontory on the banks of Loch Lomond, but they also have a house in London.

* * *

Judging by the amount of music that's provided for us now, either in public, private, or semi-private, and the tremendous response to it, there's no doubt that we are beginning to appreciate and understand it—and possibly need it—far more than we used to. When I saw Miss Olga Lynn the other day she was bubbling with enthusiasm about the *Æolus* series of concerts which is due to begin at the end of next month. For they were such a success last year that, in spite of depleted pockets, they look like being even more strongly supported this year. Lady Cunard and Lady Wimborne have been the first to offer their houses, and Elizabeth Schumann, Lotte Lehmann, Arthur

was hard to think of anything else. Among the packed crowd of admiring women I noticed Lady Oppenheimer and her daughter, Miss Bettina Horlick, Mrs. Ormonde Lawson-Johnston, Lady Mount Temple in a demure black hat, Mrs. Leo D'Erlanger, and Lady Edward Hay, one of the few



MRS. JAMES BAIRD AND
MRS. J. H. WHITNEY

Attending the Cottesmore meet at Braunston last week, from which fixture a first-rate day's fun was enjoyed. Mrs. Whitney is the wife of the well-known American owner, Mr. "Jock" Whitney, whose *Jericho* carries many people's money in the Lincoln Handicap, run to-day (March 16)

really natural platinum blondes, who was becomingly dressed in black and white. Mrs. Norman Holden was with her daughter, Mrs. Baillie Hamilton and, in opposite corners, were Mrs. Dudley Gilroy—scarlet hatted—and Lady Hillingdon and her sister, Lady de Trafford, in serviceable skirts and cardigans.

* * *

That popular and really musical person, Baron Franckenstein, the Austrian Minister, was present at the lovely bicentenary performance of Haydn's "Creation" at the Albert Hall, and amongst others in a distinguished audience was pretty Miss Jeanne Stourton in a pert little hat like an errand boy's cap. She and her friend, Miss Yvonne Marling, are great music lovers, and I saw them again together at the Courtauld-Sargent concert a night or two later.

I noticed they had followed the new fashion set by many of our younger concert-goers and wore high dresses and hats, so much more sensible in these days when sandwiches and cocktails have taken the place of dinner, and beer and sausages constitute our supper, and all formal entertaining has more or less ceased to be. Many others of the younger musical set, all neatly tailored, though hatless, had come to hear the magnificent performance of Verdi's "Requiem," including Lady Caroline Paget, Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, Lady Mary Erskine, Lord Hinchinbrooke, and Lord Moore. Lady Oxford, however, was in evening dress with a short velvet jacket, but her son, Puffin, belonged to the unchanged brigade.

By the way, Mrs. George Keppel was one of the first people to start the six to eight o'clock sausage and sherry fashion. And the Dowager Lady Airlie has been one of the latest to follow that fashion. I'm told her little party the other day was a huge success, and even sausages dispensed by such a hostess could not but acquire some measure of dignity. So you see it is not only the younger and brighter (?) people who enjoy the informality of the present age.

(Continued overleaf)

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THE GUEST OF HONOUR

H.R.H. Prince George at the annual dinner of the Chartered Surveyors' Institution at the Connaught Rooms. On the right of the picture is Mr. J. E. Bidwell (the President of the Society)

Rubinstein, and Horowitz have already been booked, while Suggia herself is on the list of probables.

All this she managed to tell me in the intervals of Molyneux's dress show in Grosvenor Street last Tuesday afternoon. So it was necessarily a little interrupted for two very good reasons. Firstly the show was so well arranged with so many mannequins that there were no pauses in the succession. And secondly there were so many seductive things that it



O'Brien

IN COUNTY LIMERICK

Lord Adare with Miss Betty Goodbody at the Limerick Hunt Point-to-Point races which were held recently at Ballingarry. Lord Dunraven's elder son used to be in the 12th Lancers. He stood as Conservative candidate for the Central Division of Newcastle-on-Tyne two years ago, but was unsuccessful

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

The première of *Tobias and the Angel* at the Westminster, last Wednesday, attracted a number of the usual first nighters, including Mr. Gordon Selfridge, who had to slip off before the end, Lady Cunard, and Lady Lavery. These two made an effective contrast as they discussed the play together in the foyer, for Lady Cunard was entirely enveloped in ermine, and Lady Lavery was wearing that particular shade of red which brings out the rich colour of her auburn hair. There was a good sprinkling, too, of the younger politicians, including Mr. Shakespeare Morrison, a promising M.P., and Major Walter Eliot, who is a personal friend of the author, a brilliant young children's specialist from Glasgow, who hides his identity under the *nom de plume* of Bridie. You remember he wrote *The Anatomist* which was produced some months ago.

Mr. David Tennant was watching his wife, Miss Hermione Baddeley, from the stalls, and came round with us afterwards to her dressing-room, where she told us how delighted she was with her part. From there we migrated to the "Slippin" (or is it Slip-In?) for supper, and found a large crowd including Captain and Mrs. Drury-Lowe, Miss Averil Streatfeild, and Lord Warwick and Miss Margaret Whigham, who had just that evening arrived home from Egypt. They were being deluged with congratulations, of course. Talking of engagements, I think that Lady Elizabeth Grey and Mr. Ronald Dawnay may probably have published their decision to get married before you receive this letter. She is Lord Grey's daughter, an attractive, fair-haired girl, known as Nisset to her friends, who hates London and loves the country. He is Lady Susan Dawnay's son, and is in the Coldstream Guards.

Everyone in the world seemed to be at the first night of *The Cat and the Fiddle* at the Palace. Lady Queensberry, who designed the dresses, was being congratulated on all sides by her friends, and I heard three of our smartest "lovelies" declaring that they simply *must* have copies of the white piqué model which Peggy Wood wears in the last act. I thought it enchanting myself, with its big shoulder wreath of white flowers

—so crisp and clean looking—and it made an admirable foil for Delysia's more sophisticated pink satin.

Now for the audience! Lady Milbanke came with Sir Anthony Weldon; Mrs. James Beck looked lovely, as usual, in one of the Empire dresses she so often affects, in Nattier blue velvet,

with short puff sleeves, and amongst other clever and attractive people in the foyer I noticed Mr. Oliver Messel, with his sister, Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, who was wearing a red velvet coat, and the shortest hair cut imaginable.

Lady Morvyth Benson and various other friends went round after the show to see Lederer in his dressing-room, where a heated argument was going on. Half the audience thought his lack of make-up highly effective, but the others

complained that it made him look quite deathly! I would have split the difference myself. I thought his startling pallor seemed quite right for the last two acts, during which the poor young composer is supposed to be tormented by the pangs of unrequited love! But he certainly looked far too pale in the opening scenes.

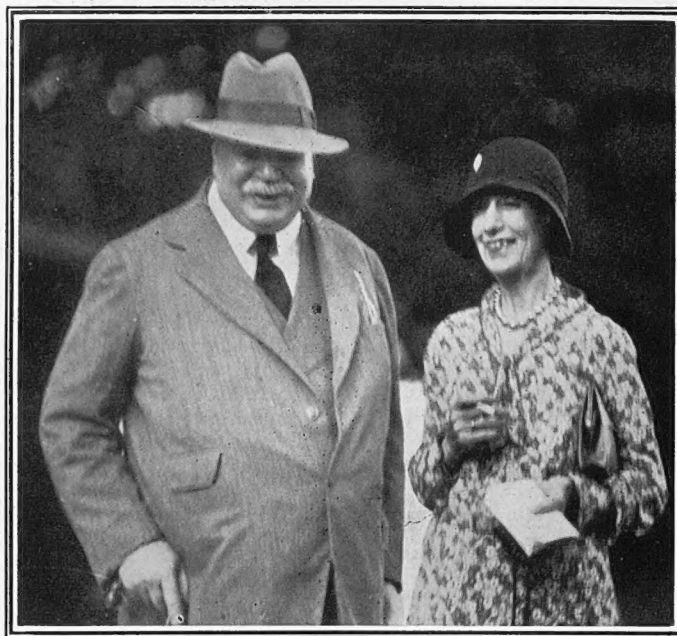
After the show Mr. Alan Herbert, whose "Derby Day" is by far the most amusing and charming musical play we have had in London for many years, went on to supper at the Savoy with Mr. and Mrs. Cochran's party, which included Peggy Wood herself. An unexpected person to see at such a light-hearted affair was Mr. Alan Walton, the brilliant composer of "Belshazzar's Feast." He had come to help his friend, Mr. Greenbaum, who made a highly successful musical director, and is looked upon as one of the coming young men. He is married to Sidonie Goossens, sister of that celebrated pair, Eugene, the conductor and composer, and Leon, probably the finest oboe player in the world to-day. She herself is a harpist of no mean ability. What a lot of talent in one family!

I have just had a letter from Cecil Beaton from New York. He tells me that he is living in a palatial suite of rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria and working very hard. And he is lucky, for everyone is crying poverty out there, and with all the unemployment the atmosphere is very depressing. However, he is off soon to Hollywood on a round of visits, for he has had heaps of wonderful invitations, so he may get cheered up there. And after a few more days in New York on the way back he hopes to sail in time to get here about the end of April.—Ever yours, EVE.



THE YOUNG BRIGADE AT THE BEAUFORT POINT-TO-POINT AT LEIGHTERTON

Included in this group of enthusiasts are Lady Kathleen Eliot and Lady Rosemary Eliot (daughters of Lady Blanche Douglas by her first husband, Lord St. Germans), Miss Iris Bird, Miss Ursula Brown, Miss Molly Harper, Miss June Capel and Miss Anne Capel, daughters of Lady Westmorland. Leighterton is near Tetbury and there was an enormous attendance, perfect going, good staff work and good racing, so what more could anyone want?



LORD AND LADY DERBY AT THE MADRAS RACES

A snapshot at Madras' famous course at Guindy. Racing in India first started in Madras, as did most other things with which the British settler had to do. Some people might think Lord Derby took a bit of a risk not to wear a sola topee as it is never really cool in Southern India

THIS JUMPING BUSINESS



AT THE FINGAL HARRIERS POINT-TO-POINT: In this group, left to right, are—LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE, MR. M. HAWKE, THE HON. MRS. BRINSLEY PLUNKET, THE HON. MRS. CHARLES WHIDBORNE, THE HON. BRINSLEY PLUNKET, AND LORD ORANMORE AND BROWNE



AT WOLVERHAMPTON: MISS PUCKLE AND MR. FURLONG



AT THE BEAUFORT POINT-TO-POINT: THE HON. MRS. CRICHTON AND THE EARL OF ERNE



AND ALSO: THE COUNT AND COUNTESS MUNSTER, LADY WESTMORLAND, THE HON. MRS. WARD, AND LORD WESTMORLAND

The Fingal Harriers, a group of whose supporters are seen in the picture at the top, hunt over a bit of the Ward country north of Co. Dublin, and in the south end of Meath, and that says enough about the obstacles to "them as knows." The Hon. Brinsley Plunket is Lord Plunket's brother, and his wife is a daughter of the Hon. Ernest Guinness. Mrs. Whidborne is wife of Mr. Charles Whidborne, and a sister of Lord Plunket. Mr. Furlong, who rode the family horse, Robin-a-Tiptoe, to victory in the National Hunt 'Chase the other day, was riding another of his father's, Really True, in the Compton 'Chase at Dunstall Park, and it came it, but did no material damage. The Beaufort ran their Point-to-Point at Leighterton, near Tetbury, and The Blues Subalterns' Cup was included in the card. Lord Erne, who was married last year to Lady Davina Lytton, is in the regiment, and the winner, Alita, was ridden by Mr. Cotterell. The Duchess of Beaufort presented the Cups to the winners after the races

The Cinema : Pabst Goes Down the Mine

By JAMES AGATE

LET me begin my impressions of Pabst's great mining film, *Kameradschaft*, at the Academy Theatre, by recalling two instances of the English theatre's handling of a similar subject. The first occurred in a play in which the hero could not be persuaded to marry the heroine because of his alleged deficiency in the manlier virtues. He was the village squire, and the butler bringing in the port also brought in the news that the mine of which the squire was the proprietor had fallen in, thereby endangering the lives of the village's entire male population. Tapping had been heard but there was no one on hand, said the butler with a discreet cough, to effect the necessary rescue. The next scene showed the squire breaking through a coal seam obviously constructed out of canvas and emerging into the light of the safety-lamps in immaculate evening dress and without so much as a grain of coal-dust on his spotless shirt-front. Whereupon he returned to the Hall, leaving instructions that the rescued miners were to be stood treat below stairs and, with hands which it had not been necessary to wash, embraced the relenting heroine. I take that to be the English theatre at its worst. Now consider another case. This was the moving melodrama of *Old Bill*. That veteran, together with Alf and Bert, was also in grave danger. The mine was flooding, and the trio began to sing hymns. Higher and higher the water rose till it almost reached their lips. There was a pause in the hymn-singing, and I can still hear a stifled sob which came from somebody in the Lyceum gallery. Then Alf said to Bert: "I say, Bert, is your feet gettin' damp?" I take this to be the English theatre at almost its best.

The reader will note, however, that in each case the emotion was individual. This is not Pabst's way, the whole point of *Kameradschaft* being the manifestation of emotion among communities, in this case the French and German nations. The film is based on the great French mining accident which occurred in 1906, and the better to effect his purpose Pabst has transferred the incident to a mine situated on the borders of the Ruhr, and worked on each side of a dividing barrier by miners belonging to the two countries. "Ethical, not æsthetic values make up the significance of this film," says Pabst, and that, of course, is why it is comparatively dull. This is not the opinion of my colleagues. Miss Lejeune sees in this film an example of Pabst's discovery that the psychology of the mass is "more absorbing than the psycho-analysis of the individual." Mr. Sydney Carroll says about this film: "These adjectives are puerile applied to such a superlative creation as this. It would be impossible to exaggerate its significance æsthetically and ethically." In fact, Mr. Carroll is so much moved that he bursts into French: "*Les Allemandes! Incroyable!*" For myself what is *incroyable* is that Mr. Carroll should have believed all these German miners to be females! The film critic of "The Times," with greater sobriety and, I think, greater wisdom, notes that the film accepts "almost for the first time an industrial scene as it really is, and without any of those devices which photographers use to make such a scene look either like an old master or like a far too dramatic impressionist picture." In other words, there isn't much camera art as distinct from camera craft in it. Personally, I found the old man's search for his grandson moving.

But I am not going to pretend that this film is in any way soul-searing, or that it moved me nearly as much as a novel I recently read concerning mining life in Derbyshire. There

is a certain amount of symbolism in the breaking down of the grille which separates the two mines, and in its rebuilding at the end of the film. But this does not seem to me a particularly staggering achievement. Nor do I believe that the frontier guards, who must have been aware of the explosion, would have misunderstood the two lorry loads of German rescuers. What is much truer is Pabst's recognition of the French habit of breaking out into flags and oratory on even the saddest occasions. The film begins with the French and Germans making poor show of neighbourliness in a frontier café, and I think a much more convincing irony would have been shown if we had seen the rescued and their rescuers resuming unneighbourliness. I am sorry that my appreciation of this film should appear to be so grudging. The film, of course, is admirable in many ways, but it did not succeed in removing from my mind the conviction that Pabst though an honest fellow, is dull. Miss Lejeune tells us that "up till the time of the talkies Pabst was one of the most intent, specialized, and frigidly observant directors in Europe, but his expression was thwarted, and with it, curiously, his thought. Sound came

to Pabst as a vast liberation. He graduated with it from the dissecting-room to the world of living men." For the life of me I cannot put the film as high as all this. Either a picture is good or bad, and I cannot see how one deduces that the photographer who put it together is thwarted in this direction or that. Mr. George Graves is a terrible fellow when "thwarted," and so was Bunthorne. But Pabst's thwartings—and I should like to hear Miss Lejeune pronounce that!—must remain, so far as I am concerned, his own affair. She also tells me that "the film is packed from end to end with shots that refuse to budge out of your memory." Perhaps I was in singularly unresponsive mood that afternoon; the shots that I remember best were those of some hilarious fish in the subsequent Mickey Mouse film! Corroboration is to hand in the following. Miss Elsie Cohen, the extremely clever directress of what is far and away our best picture-house, put at my disposal a quantity of "stills" for the purposes of illustration on this page, and to my regret and dismay I did not find that any one of them



MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN IN THE "LILY CHRISTINE" FILM AND MR. PAUL STEIN, THE DIRECTOR

Miss Margaret Bannerman plays a leading part in the new Paramount film based on Michael Arlen's novel of the same name. Miss Corinne Griffith plays the heroine and Mr. Colin Clive is her opposite male number

was possessed of any decorative value whatever. Now *Earth* was a different matter, since many of the shots in that film still remain in my recollection though it is months since I saw it, while those of *Kameradschaft* have already vanished.

The larger film-theatres provide greatly varied entertainment. Thus at the Empire the two Barrymores are featured in *Arsène Lupin*, and whether one prefers John's profile or Lionel's proficiency is after all a matter of individual taste. At the Plaza there is a version of Mr. Frank Vosper's *Murder on the Second Floor*, as to which it shall be safely said that this pot-pourri retains all the charm of its author's variegated imaginings. At the Carlton there is *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and I should like to suggest that it should be made illegal to trot out any further version of this hackneyed story for another twenty years. There is a much better and lesser-known story by Stevenson called *The Pavilion on the Links*. Why not have a shot at that? At the Tivoli there is something called *Delicious* in which Miss Janet Gaynor falls in love, strange to say, with Mr. Charles Farrell! One of these days I suppose one will see Mr. Farrell rejecting the advances of Miss Gaynor, but I also suppose that it will be the day on which our Mr. Marshall declines the attentions of our Miss Best, and not before.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF SOCIETY



MISS ELVIRA
HENDERSON



MISS EILEEN KARRI-DAVIES

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Eileen Karri-Davies is the extremely attractive daughter of the late Colonel Karri-Davies, V.C., who was in the besieged Ladysmith, and afterwards first man in at the relief of Mafeking. Miss Karri-Davies is a very artistic dress designer to one of the leading film companies

Miss Elvira Henderson's engagement to Mr. John Whitmore-Humphreys was announced recently. She is under-studying Miss Gertrude Lawrence in "Can the Leopard?" at the Haymarket, in which Mr. Humphreys is playing. Miss Henderson plays the lead in "Below the Surface," the submarine play at the Prince of Wales



THE HON. MRS. BRYAN GUINNESS

Bassano

The attractive wife of the Hon. Bryan Guinness, the only son and heir of Lord Moyne of Bury St. Edmunds, better remembered, no doubt, as the Hon. Walter Guinness, the younger of Lord Iveagh's two brothers. Mrs. Bryan Guinness was the Hon. Diana Mitford, the third of Lord and Lady Redesdale's daughters. The Hon. Bryan Guinness who was born in 1905, and was up at The House, has his country seat, Biddisdon House, Andover. He was married in 1929

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

A Leicestershire Letter

Monday at Grinston Station doesn't bear thinking about. With scent non-existent and an east wind that would have cut through armour-plate, the originally small field was halved by one o'clock and it was a livery band of enthusiasts which set off for Cheltenham next day. This was the scene of a great triumph for Leicestershire and we offer our congratulations to Furlong *père, mère et fils* on their success in the National Hunt. It is the more gratifying and in accordance with the spirit of the race to see a horse that has been *really* hunted, and exposed on a race-course, ridden by an almost maiden jockey to victory over horses that have been kept in cotton wool for it. "I bred them both," exclaimed the delighted Mrs. Furlong but, largely as she contributed, it must not be overlooked that the horse won it by "getting" thirty-two. The double was brought off by Chadsford winning the Foxhunters for Brose, with Reggie Hobbs in the dish—an extremely popular win.

With no rain, a cold wind, and the ground as dry as a bone, sport was as bad as could be expected on Friday, while on Saturday the Cottesmore roamed about Burrough killing a fox or a badger every few minutes with a roar like feeding time at the Zoo. The keenness and blood-thirstiness of these hounds is amazing. The Belvoir had no scent in the vale though they also killed a fox—or did they? Some say it was run over, others that it merely died of exposure waiting for hounds but, anyway, it made Toby one short of his breeding quota.

Answers to Correspondents

VERBENA.—We do not advocate following Sir Walter's lead in hats too closely, but we can understand that your old black cloche slightly stiffened and worn on the nape of the neck, must have caused comment outside Nottingham.

OBSERVER.—It is nice to hear of people helping others. The two ladies you saw for so long alternately trying to give each other a lead and uttering cries, presumably of encouragement, were sisters.

ORNITHOLOGIST.—There are no parrakeets in Ellas Gorse. What you must have heard was our gaggle of girls carrying on exaggeratedly droll back-chat from opposite sides of the covert.

HORSE-WATCHER.—Sorry you missed the deadly secret Sunday trial at Thorpe. No one else did.

From the Beaufort

It ain't going to rain no more, so they say, and now we have had at least five weeks without a drop, and it's getting terribly hard as some of the gallant thrusters know too well, and we are glad to hear that our "artist" has broken no bones after his severe jerk on Saturday. On Monday hounds met at 10 a.m. to allow the Etonian half-termers a full day's sport, but alas, with a cold north-east wind sport was indifferent, but nonetheless there was plenty of galloping and jumping in the Sopworth-Didmarton area.

On Tuesday, owing to frost, we were unable to hunt at Bushton, but hounds went out later in the day from the kennels and gave the ducal foxes a stir up, and accounted for a leash.

All roads led to the National Hunt Races at Cheltenham on Wednesday, and in delightful but cold weather a very good day's sport was forthcoming; our late local horse, Dusty Foot, put up a very good show in the big event, but was not quite good enough for the sporting family's horse from Melton way. The sport for the rest of the week has been very indifferent.

Saturday's afternoon gallop from Hullavington was fun whilst it lasted.

We hear the entries for the point-to-point are none too good, but what can you expect with the hard going, but the ball at Badminton is an assured success, everyone having taken tickets and, alas, some unable to get in!

What's the use of all those schools and white fences and then have your horse refusing repeatedly? Our Herbert is *hors de combat* after that nasty one Friday week, and attended the 'chases on two sticks; let's hope it won't be for long.

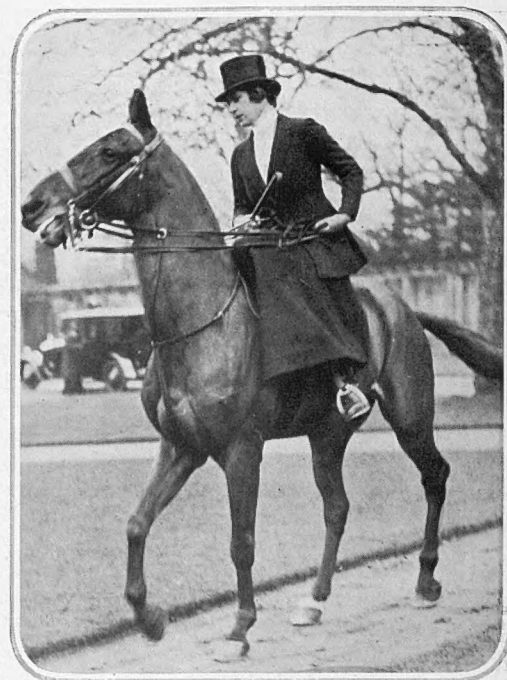
A unique collection of Stuart relics will be on view at Badminton House by kind permission of His Grace on the 26th and 28th, including the garter jewels belonging to the Pretender and Prince Rupert, the Garter star from the cloak worn by Charles I at his execution, and the broken guinea presented by Charles I to Henrietta Maria at their last parting.

There will also be some interesting miniatures, and the thing is in aid of the Gloucestershire Nursing Association of which the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort is president. Other members of the organizing committee are Baron F. de Tuyl and Colonel L. Walker. Mrs. Harford also has put in a lot of hard work to make the exhibition a success. In addition to the exhibits already mentioned there will be many objects of local and historical interest, a valuable collection of period chairs from the fifteenth century onwards, needlework (old and modern), some silver, and prints.

From the Fernie

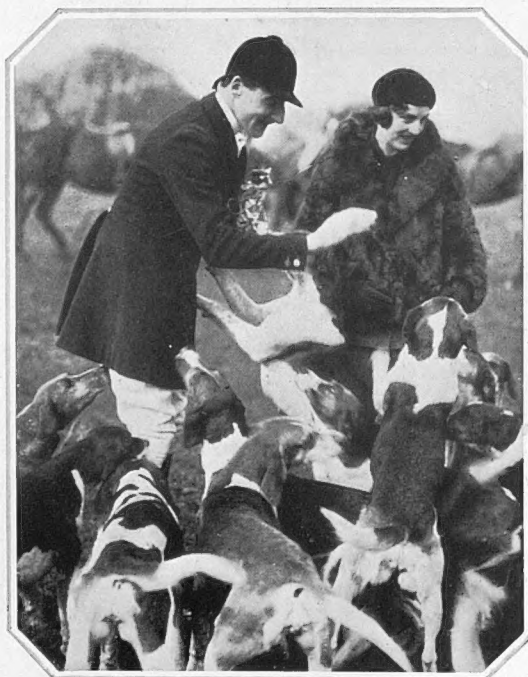
Arctic conditions prevailed on the Shearsby day, a searching nor'-easter piercing the thickest of garments. Horses, hounds, and riders had to keep well on the move for warmth. Not until finding in Jane Ball were we able to recover our normal temperature with a good gallop over the Knaptoft, Mowsley, and Saddington country. Foxes baffled hounds every time. Some dreadful gateways came on our route, hock deep in mud, which horses floundered through with a narrow margin of escape from a horrid bath. "Gina" was in difficulties at a hairy fence, but the sporting Major came to the rescue and brought her steed safely over the obstacle. Hounds ran better from Gilmorton to Kilworth in the afternoon. Overnight frost delayed

(Continued on p. 434)



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL

Out with the Bramham Moor when they met at Creskeld Hall. It was a great occasion for young Lord Lascelles, as he was allowed to go hunting too. The Princess Royal was in London last week supervising final arrangements at her new house in Green Street



SIR PETER FARQUHAR, M.F.H.,
AND LADY HILLINGDON

With some of the hounds of the Meynell at their Twyford fixture. Sir Peter Farquhar, who is Joint Master with Sir William Bass, and hunts hounds, came to the Meynell from the Tedworth. He has shown first-rate sport this season

AT HURST PARK

BRIG.-GENERAL CLAUDE DE CRESPIGNY
AND THE HON. MRS. AUBREY HASTINGS

MRS. CECIL LANGLANDS AND MRS. HORACE NOBLE

MRS. W. W. FFENNELL AND MRS.
CECIL BROWNHILLMRS. DONALD CAMERON IN
THE ENCLOSURE

MRS. HUNTRISS AND MRS. KENYON GOODE

MRS. BEN FAWCETT AND MRS. GRACE-
HENRY

Spring may be just outside the door, but she had not managed to get inside when these pictures were taken at Hurst Park the other day, as the fur coats visibly testify. It was the day that Mr. R. K. Mellon's Grand National mare Alike got beaten in the big chase by the Dowager Lady Penrhyn's Bicester, who won by five lengths in his own time. General Claude de Crespigny, Sir Claude's elder son and heir, is a very well-known personality and so is Mrs. Aubrey Hastings, who was as smartly turned out as ever and wore an exhilarating velvet mackintosh over her tweeds. Velvet is definitely "in" for both country and town. Mrs. Cecil Langlands is the wife of the Epsom trainer, and she and Mrs. Horace Noble both wore very "cherishing" fur coats. The scratching of Drintyre for the National was a real calamity. He is owned by Mr. Cecil Brownhill, whose wife is with Mrs. W. W. Ffennell, who owns Martyr Worthy Place near Winchester, where the shooting and fishing are exceptional. Mrs. Ffennell is a very good shot herself. Mrs. Donald Cameron who was formerly Miss Enid Levita, wore some very smart buff-coloured tweeds with a black hat. Mrs. Huntriss is Jack Anthony's sister, and it is good to hear that he is still progressing well. Mrs. Kenyon Goode is the wife of the well-known trainer and G.R. Mrs. Henry's twins, who are as keen as she is, usually come racing with her, but this time were left at home. Mrs. Fawcett is Captain C. B. Petre's second daughter, and has been hunting in Hampshire this season

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

Let Us Appreciate Simple Things.

DON'T you often weary of what I will call the "sub-clever" people?

The really clever people always have their silly, lovable, human moments, but the sub-clever people, never. They are always so intent upon being "high-brow" that too often they achieve only the dullness of the dullest. They are always so very, very profound; or, when they aren't, they're cross. They must be very trying to live with. Isn't it restful, now and again, to return to the cosy significance of very simple things? The deeper aspects of archæology may be very interesting indeed, but there come moments when the arrival of Mrs. Robinson's third baby or the mystery of Mr. Brown's curious detachment from Mrs. Brown possess an immediate interest which not even the laying bare of the glories of Babylon can momentarily surpass. To contemplate the finer qualities of an ancient Grecian urn may be very comforting, but a hot-water-bottle in bed is nicer. Isn't it delightful to meet someone who can listen to a symphony concert in silent appreciation, and may even understand the ideas behind the music of Bela Bartok, and yet can enjoy the latest syncopated melody from the newest revue? There you have the true companionship, the people who have not lost the pleasure in pleasant little things, things which have no super-subtle meaning, but belong to common human happiness. Half the charm of Jane Austen consists in her delightful description of people and things which don't matter to anybody. Profundity without a sense of humour may be very nearly pompous. I have been reading two books this week which interested and amused me simply because they were just vivid descriptions of confined spaces inhabited by very ordinary people. One is "Gateway" (Benn. 7s. 6d.), by John Beames, who wrote "Army Without Banners," and the other, "Cloonagh" (Constable. 7s. 6d.), by D. M. Large, which appears to be a "first book." Thank goodness I can still enjoy the society of small-town people and their small-town chronicles. It is so pleasant to forget sometimes that the world is in a "mess," that we are surrounded by the most profound mysteries, that death comes to all, and that what comes after death is still a problem unsolved and, perhaps, unsolvable; that there has been a Great War, that the League of Nations still keeps talking, and that the Income Tax will be due again next July. Apart from this communion of small beer there is, however, no resemblance between the two books. "Gateway" is the story of a frontier town lying along the northern edge of the Canadian prairies. "Cloonagh" is the entertaining chronicle of a large Irish village in pre-War days; rather in the manner of



ONE HOUR WITH YOU!

Miss Jeanette Macdonald and Mr. Ernst Lubitsch are the central figures in this group of merry-makers at the Motion Picture Club Ball held recently at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York. "One Hour With You," directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and in which the fascinating Jeanette plays opposite Maurice Chevalier, is just about to be released

is an interesting experience. Raw, crude, and uncouth, with no ideas beyond money, women, and meals, they represent something definitely human all the same, and the writer has made them come alive in a manner which renders them actual to a degree. Each one is a definite individual, and individuality is, after all, everything that matters when you haven't actually to live with someone, and are not too sympathetic towards their particular form of egoism. I have never lived in a Canadian small-town, but I should imagine that this is as good a description of the reality as could be wished. And this simply because, if you ignore their manner of life, the inhabitants of "Gateway" are simply the inhabitants of Little Puddleton with all Little Puddleton's absorbing interest in the things under its very nose and not much farther, so characteristic of small-town places anywhere. Only, of course, in "Gateway" they go about their business in a much more vigorous, unorthodox fashion. Neither they, nor the life they lead, have become tempered by tradition, yet in essential motives it remains the same.

Thoughts from "Gateway."

"Some women pout their lips and some close them tighter for a kiss. The woman who closes hers is more inclined to take than to give."

"Given the opportunity, the average man in extremity will steal, but to the normally honest man the idea of a deliberately planned crime never occurs."

"A woman can afford to be kinder to a suitor she has definitely made up her mind to reject than to one about whom she is still in doubt."

"To every man must come the awakening sooner or later when he discovers his goddess is only a woman. . . . It rests with the woman whether he shall learn to love her over again as a woman or whether he shall cast her out as a spurious thing!"



NOT SO SILENT FRIENDS

Lady Bridgett Poulett and the Hon. Max Aitken supping at the Café de Paris, where the new Chrystal Waltz is now being displayed nightly to admiring eyes. Mr. Aitken is Lord Beaverbrook's elder son

(Continued on p. 432)

OARFUL!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



"And you brought me all the way to Putney to see eight 'ulkin' fellers row a little boat like that! Why, my old man pulls the whole fam'ly round Battersea Park lake on 'is own, and don't take more'n 'is coat off, neither!"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

And Now to "Cloonagh."

Now Cloonagh is a "duck" of a place. A little Irish town, quiet, remote, blissfully self-contained and self-centred. Did I say "quiet"? Well, I mean only quiet *on the surface*—as all little villages and towns appear to be and never are. For example, when old Mrs. Kavanagh, who is so well described as one of those total abstainers—"the sort of abstainer that gets no real pleasure from her own total abstinence unless everybody else abstains too"—well, when old Mrs. Kavanagh fell downstairs, striking her head and becoming unconscious, and when she revived, it was to the delusion that she still lived in Ballykealy and no longer in Cloonagh . . . and when Dr. Grace insisted that for the present she was not to be disillusioned for the sake of her peace of mind, the people of Cloonagh got more intense interest out of the tragedy than some people got out of the Great War. For you see, when old Mrs. Kavanagh saw the people of Cloonagh she imagined that they had come to see her in Ballykealy, so she invited them into meals and was fearful that they should lose their trains. Otherwise she was perfectly sensible which, of course, made her happy affliction all the more difficult to deal with. The ways by which the people of Cloonagh hoped to convince the old lady that she was not really in Ballykealy, and the way the old lady refused to believe she was anywhere else, provide the "fun" theme running through the book. Well, told briefly, it may not sound very funny, but I can assure you that it is—funny in that quiet way which keeps you chuckling within yourself rather than guffawing out loudly and making enemies. Apart from this, however, the book is so entertaining because it gives such a perfect picture of pre-War Irish life in a little Irish country town with its annual fair, its meet of the hounds, its communal pic-nics, all the "busy-bodding" of common everyday life. One ends by loving everybody in the little town and regarding them in the manner of personal friends. Laughing with them, too. Never so often as when they are not trying to be funny—which is the secret key to a full appreciation of Irish wit. Indeed Miss Large has given us an Irish story which can be compared in charm and humour to the books by Somerville and Ross and to the best Irish stories by George A. Birmingham.

Memoirs of a Great Singer.

I am not quite sure that "Melba" (Grayson, 18s.), by Mr. Percy Colson, ought not to be entitled "Melba and Mr. Percy Colson," written by Himself; but I don't say this by way of disparagement. On the contrary, I have come to the conclusion that many great singers are dully egotistical company apart from the glory of their voices, though Melba seems to have had more character than most. She would, we are told, have been as successful in commerce as she was in song had not God blessed her with one of the loveliest voices of the century. We can well believe it. But the fact remains that prolonged

"Darlings of the Public" seem to suffer from delayed psychological development as soon as they have become "darlings." Melba became imperious, but happily all the way through her life something remained within her of the People from whom she sprang. She never lost her head. On the contrary, the greater her success the more that head seemed to become more firmly screwed in place. She knew her own worth, and she drove a hard bargain wherever that worth were in question. Nevertheless she did not cultivate childish tantrums in the belief that she was exhibiting artistic temperament. She never kicked those who could not kick back, but with those who could do battle and who had offended her, or were her rivals, she could be ruthless. Covent Garden was especially her throne; and she allowed no one to approach it; at least no other woman. Moreover, she had not only the "backing" of her own voice but she had a powerful Society "backing" as well. She used these two great weapons in the manner of a business magnate. How this voice was "discovered" and how she found and held relentlessly her position, provides the main theme in the story which Mr. Colson has to

tell and tells so well. He cannot make Melba "lovable," but he does manage to make us understand and, to a great extent, respect her. Compared with the meanness of Patti and the frumpishness of Jenny Lind, hers was a radiant, human figure. Moreover I doff my hat to Mr. Colson for the reason that, out of the unprofitable material which is usually the "life" of a great singer, he has managed to write a very interesting book. Press-cuttings, hysterical adulation, are almost completely absent from his tale. He praises and he condemns. He criticizes and



WHEN THE DAY'S TOIL IS OVER

Claude Shephard

A beautifully composed photographic picture from the village of Hemmington, Leicestershire. There are not a few beauty spots like this in the county whose name usually is more intimately connected with a different species of horse to those seen in the picture—and with the fox-hound

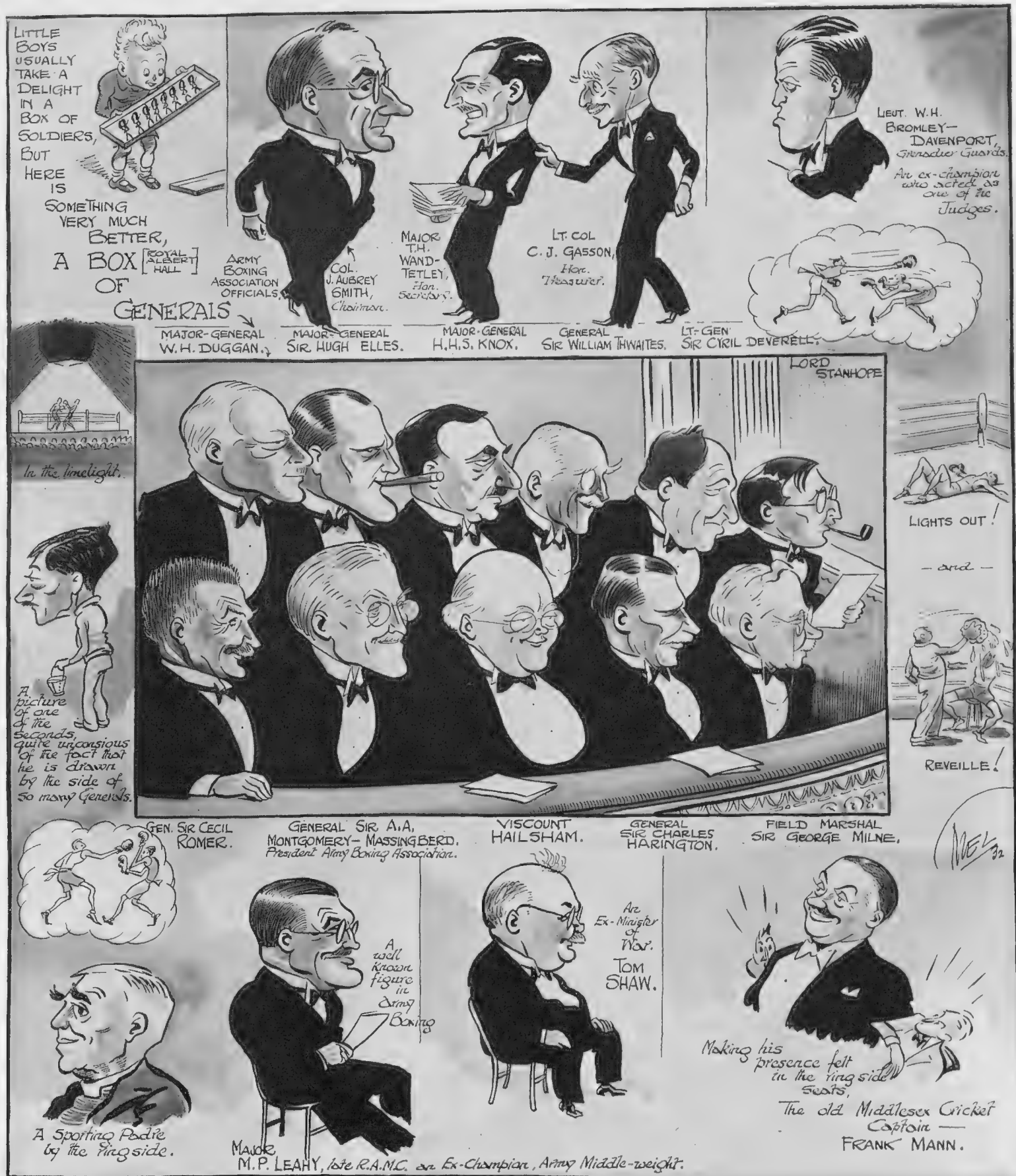
yet he admires. The result is a picture of a great personality as well as the story of a marvellously successful career. And he tells us how Melba's imperious triumph never looked back, nor she with it, until Nature at length asserted herself; though death, happily perhaps, took the great singer in his gleaming before she had finally discovered that, apart from her kingdom which was the world's applause, she had kept nothing of herself for herself alone. She fought for her old sway gallantly, but alas, tragically, towards the end. Nevertheless, when she finally bid her subjects farewell, the end had not been reached for such an imperious "Queen of Song" as Melba. Yet it is difficult to make a psychologically interesting story of any monarch until defeat threatens him or her. To eke out his personal narrative Mr. Colson therefore rushes in himself to give lengthy and always interesting dissertations upon many things.

Thoughts from Mr. Colson's "Melba."

"If you are naturally sociable, you love society, and if you love society it is surely more intelligent to try for the best available."

"Great works of art are not inspired by facts themselves, only by facts or ideas working on the imagination."

THE ARMY AND TERRITORIAL BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS



A COLLECTION OF CELEBRITIES AT THE ALBERT HALL

These clever caricatures were collected at the Army and Territorial Army Individual Boxing Championships which were fought out at the Albert Hall last week, at which H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, Patron of the Army Boxing Association, was present. H.R.H. subsequently presented the trophies to the winners. The contests were well up to the usual keen army standards, and as will be seen from the labels on some of the pictures, were witnessed by many famous people including the C.I.G.S. (F.-M. Sir George Milne), the G.O.C. Aldershot, General Sir Charles Harrington, and at least two ex-champions, Major Leahy (Army middle-weight), and Mr. W. H. Bromley-Davenport (Grenadier Guards), to say nothing of Secretaries of State for War

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

(Continued from p. 428)

the Shangton meet on Thursday, hounds did not move off until after midday. The kindly Rector welcomed the field in his remote habitation, and the snug hamlet sheltered a bright assembly. It was a scentless day, hounds being hardly able to own the line of the several foxes put up. The Holt specimen dragged us over to Carlton and back. Then the Noseley vulps crossed purposes, but finally a run over the glorious Skeffington Vale, with a kill in the garden of Rolleston Hall, redeemed a poor day. During a run from Tamboro later in the day, Mrs. A. McClain, from the States, took a bad toss, her horse rolling over her, but was able to reach a car and attention. May it not prove serious. The hard going lamed several horses, who after the open season begin to show signs of strenuous days.

From the Heythrop

March is supposed to come in like a lion, but this year, at any rate, that lion must be a roarer, as the wind is all wrong to go and dry up the ground so successfully that this country is now far drier than America; in any case, however, very few cocktails are to be seen with these hounds, except, of course, for a few side-cars (not to mention motor-cars). Lawrence is still *hors de combat*, but in spite of an almost complete absence of scent, Joe continues with success to handle hounds and an occasional fox, but it really was curious that, while waiting to draw a covert, a member of the field was distinctly heard whistling a very well-known tune entitled "Trumpeter what are you sounding now?" Fields, however, have been small this week owing to the hard ground, cold wind, and the National Hunt Meeting, most people thinking that it was a choice of losing foxes if they hunted, or losing money if they raced. Those who chose the latter course found it rather costly, as there were no winners at Cheltenham, whereas those who hunted limited their liability to half-a-crown.

From Warwickshire

The weather was not fit for man or beast to be out in on Monday, though hounds tried to hunt from Alderminster. It was about as much good trying to hunt a fox with an east wind and hard dry ground as to catch a bird by putting salt on its tail. Anyway, we have had Cheltenham and the National Hunt to keep us busy this week, as it froze too sharply for the hounds to hunt.

At Weston, on Tuesday, everyone set off for a day's racing, and a very good day it was. We managed to keep warm cuddled up in fur coats. The party at Chadshunt on Wednesday evening was, as usual, a great success. Everything was catered for. Light at first, for everyone looking at their best, and darkness later on, as the evening advanced—when the lights fused at supper time! Of course, it wasn't fair to put them on again without a warning, as several people were quite unprepared! The supper table was carrying top weight and didn't last the distance. The latter could also be said of some of the dancers.

Thursday was still too hard to take hounds on to Shuckburgh, but on Friday we all met at Wroxton, and were glad to be out again; but all we could do was to exercise very fresh horses, as the hounds couldn't run across one field with the dust blowing on the ploughs. The brook in the valley caused some amusement, but not to the lady on the white horse, who should have chosen another colour for the mud bath, nor to the young horse who had decided views on which side he wished to be, but a borrowed rope soon changed his ideas.

Let's hope there will be some rain over the week-end.

From Lincolnshire

The continued absence of rain is now telling its tale. The ploughs have become so dry and dusty that

everywhere hunting is being carried on with difficulty. Even when hounds have been close behind their foxes they have hardly been able to raise a whimper. Yet there have been one or two exceptions. For instance the Southwold on their Edlington Hall day ran extremely well for fifty minutes from Edlington Ash Holt and although their fox escaped at Stixwold, they gave him a fright. To cross seven miles of country with a point of five was not bad under such conditions.

Opportunity for a pipe-opener with the Burton from East Barkwith on March 5 was nipped in the bud by the fox going to ground after a fast dart of fifteen minutes. On the same day, the Blankney, hunting from the Four Horse Shoes, went well for an hour over a delightful grass country in the

vale, but when their fox ascended the cliff to the heath he beat them on the parched ploughs. Another fox caught it hot for a time but he also escaped on ground that carried no smell. Once again the river Brant proved a perfect *bête noire*! Winter bathing should be prohibited!



A G.O.C. GOES HUNTING

Lieut.-General Sir Percy Radcliffe with Mr. George Usher, M.F.H., at a recent meet of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire. Sir Percy Radcliffe was appointed G.O.C.-in-C., Scottish Command, in 1930

From the Cheshire

Friday, after a vast amount of telephoning, it was broadcasted that hounds would meet at one o'clock, and in spite of the frost the Hurlston country was quite fit to hunt in. Scent was non-existent to begin with, and nothing could be made of the first fox found at the Bache House. Drawing it a second time hounds hunted very slowly in a right-handed circle for just long enough to give one lady a fall, and our supplementary reserve officer and others a cheap school.

From Haughton a short hunt followed out towards Bunbury, swinging left-handed by Spurstow Hall, hounds hunted slowly to within a few fields of Wardle, from which covert a brace of vixens went away, hounds unfortunately chopping a dog fox in covert.

The evening hunt was possibly the best from a tree fox at Haughton, which eventually came to an end at the Bache House, hounds having run a circle over a popular line of country.

Saturday, from Dunham, was disappointing in the morning. A fox found in the Barn House was hunted towards Barrowmore, once having crossed the railway the hunt suddenly ended; very hard luck on the owner of this covert, who has worked so hard for the good of the chase in this country.

From Waverton a hunt of thirty minutes followed towards Hargrave, bearing left-handed over the river Gowie, pointing for Stapleford, hounds losing their fox at the Old Moss.



WITH THE COTTESMORE

The Hon. Lancelot Lowther, Lord Lonsdale's brother, Mrs. Hilton Green, and the Hon. Helen Primrose, her daughter by her first marriage, at Burrough-on-the-Hill. Mr. Hilton Green's first season as Master of the Cottesmore has given fresh proof of his brilliance in hunting hounds



“ . . . WHENCE ALL BUT SHE . . . ”

By A. E. BESTALL



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THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE

The latest portraits of the charming wife of the present Marquess of Cambridge, who before her marriage, in 1923, was Miss Dorothy Hastings, and is the eldest daughter of the Hon. Osmond and Mrs. Hastings. Her father is the only surviving brother of the Earl of Huntingdon, whose other brother was the Hon. Aubrey Hastings, so famous in Grand National history and whose death was a sad blow to so many of us. The present Marquess of Cambridge is the second, and succeeded his father in 1927. The first Marquess was formerly Adolphus, Duke of Teck, son of Francis, Duke of Teck, and of Princess Mary Adelaide, daughter of the first Duke of Cambridge—the father and mother of H.M. the Queen

Yevonde, Victoria Street.



PRISCILLA IN PARIS



"SPI"—FILM STAR!

Spinelly, Paris' best-beloved, has now made very good in her first talkie, "*L'Amour à l'Américaine*"; but whether in this picture she is supposed to be dressed for the part is not directly intimated!

trophies to bring back. Funny idea that novelty can only be found while scavenging, and rather hard on Mistinguett to describe her dressing-room thus . . . for the bright soul who entered her *domaine* and purloined one of her shoes was an easy winner. A brave one, too, for "Mis" hates to part with any of her possessions, no matter how worn or old they are!

I saw Ina Claire again, at Schiaparelli's, a few days later, choosing frocks for her forthcoming reappearance "on" Broadway. Schiaparelli's gowns, with their picturesque Directoire effect, ought to suit her slim figure; she does not seem a day older than when I first saw her in New York, at the Winter Garden, somewhere around 1913. If I remember rightly, it was in a show with Gaby Deslys and Al Jolson; she was, of course, a mere babe and a very demure one, quite Gish-like, in fact!

There were quite a few celebrities defying the *crise* and buying lovely garments that afternoon. Dark-haired, sloe-eyed Arletti, whose first talkie-film, *Le Chien Qui Rapporte*, is such a success; Dr. Pierre Boucard's seventeen-year-old and very pretty (but, oh, so sophisticated!) young

TRÈS
CHER,

—That was a fine party that Elsa Maxwell threw to the lions in Ina Claire's honour the other night, and the lions are still purring with pleasure, having thoroughly enjoyed their feline selves. Nowadays one can measure the success of any freak entertainment by the amount of adverse criticism it receives in the "*petits journaux satiriques*." The *Carnet de la Semaine*, in writing it up, regretted that all the "*joli monde*" present did not finish up at the police station! Can envy express itself in more eloquent terms? The treasure-hunt that started while the night was still in its infancy (don't ask me when or where it ended) seems to have roused their ire. They (the papers) described the guests as emptying the garbage-tins in endeavouring to find strange and original

daughter; and that charming young Mme. Drieu de la Rochelle, whose husband's books are having, in the English version, a certain amount of vogue with the intelligentsia. Personally, I dislike him and his work intensely . . . but, then, I have always been somewhat rash in my likes and dislikes. Mme. Drieu de la Rochelle, who before her marriage was Mlle. Olésia Sienkiewicz, is a gifted young artist whose pictures have been most favourably commented on by the critics who have been allowed to view them. One hopes that her marriage will not prevent her from carrying on with her painting.

* * *

How tremendously I have enjoyed Radclyffe Hall's new book, "*The Master of the House*"! Not only because the action of the book takes place in my beloved Provence, and that Miss Hall's insight of the *Provençal* peasant's character is so penetratingly keen; not only because it is an exquisitely well-written tale, and that there is beauty of expression to be found on every page; but also because it is so good to be reminded, in these times of stress and unrest, when we have so many occasions to feel distraught and heavy-laden, that such simple and Christ-like souls, such beautiful natures as Christopher's, sometimes do exist if only we have the patience—as Miss Hall has—to understand them and appreciate their inarticulate striving for expression when a blessed chance causes us to meet them in this overshadowed world.

Another book that I have greatly enjoyed this week is Edmond Sée's interesting biography of Georges de Porto-Riche, the great dramatist whose *Amoureuse*, created by Réjane and Guitry at the Odéon in 1891, has held the bill for hundreds of performances at every revival. *Le Passé*, *Le Marchand d'Estampes*, *Zubiri* are all plays that you have certainly seen in Paris, and I believe that *Le vieil Homme* was given in London under the title *Old Adam*, and there enjoyed a long run. M. Edmond Sée, who was a great personal friend of Georges de Porto-Riche, is particularly well qualified to be the biographer of this grand old dramatist. He is himself the eminent dramatic critic of *l'Œuvre*, and has published many volumes of critical essays: "*Le Théâtre des Autres*," "*Entr'actes*," "*Le Théâtre français contemporain*"; and as a playwright, he is the author of such plays as *La Brebis*, *Le bel Amour*, *Les Miettes*, etc., that have been given at the Comédie Française as well as on the boulevards.—With love, TRÈS CHER, PRISCILLA.



d'Ora, Paris

THE PRINCESSE DE FAUCIGNY-
LUCINGE

The latest portrait of the former Mlle. d'Erlanger, who is a daughter of the Baroness d'Erlanger and a sister-in-law of Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, who was formerly Miss Myrtle Farquharson. The Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge was over in London on a shopping expedition, and has also been winter-sporting at St. Moritz.

The Gipsy and Others.



TCHAI, THE GIPSY GIRL IN "THE MISTRESS OF ATLANTIS"

The little gipsy girl who is playing a leading part, Tanit Serga, in the new G. W. Pabst film, is hailed as one of the most amazing of recent discoveries on the Continent. She was taken straight from the last place her caravan had rested to support Brigitte Helm in this new film—which is adapted from Pierre Benoit's "Atlantide"—and they say she has made very good indeed. Some of the open-air shots were made in Darkest Africa, and the picture shows Tchai in one of them. The film is being produced in German, French and English

Carole Lombard's new film, "No One Man," is so called because the heroine does not find her ideal husband till the third shot, when she marries Karl, a doctor (Paul Lukas), who has been in love with her all the way through. The second effort—a really bad man—conveniently dies of heart disease



CAROLE LOMBARD AND PAUL LUKAS IN "NO ONE MAN"

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Derby Day,"

at the Lyric Theatre,

Hammersmith



TIPSTER INTO DUDE

Bert Bones (Mr. Leslie French) assumes the Oxford manner (*sic*), which doesn't go down with Rose, the barmaid (Miss Tessa Deane)

GILBERT wrote his lyrics and Sullivan set them to music in the age of mahogany—good, sturdy stuff that endures. Whatever the Brighter Young may think about them, the operas live on, though time has damped the sparks of topical allusion. Times change, but Art lives.

Regarding Messrs. A. P. Herbert and Alfred Reynolds as the white hopes of English light opera (more power to their elbows!), it is tempting to survey the moderns alongside of the old masters. Gilbert's topsy-turvy irony was too strong for sentiment. When A.P.H. permits a sentimental last curtain to his tipster hero and barmaid heroine in *Derby Day*, he is a satirist waxing momentarily mellow. The hand that jabs unerring pins into social foibles must stick to its pin-cushion; it cannot be switching on amber limes or raising lumps in simple, susceptible throats.

Gilbert, that formidable martinet, had, dramatically speaking, no heart. The Herbert heart is worn upon the sleeve, and whither that democratic organ tends is no secret. The Herbert part of it keeps Bohemian faith with Hammersmith; does not the ebb and flow of the river, where the long-shoreman is safe from them stinkin' motors (why Mr. Herbert should abominate the motor-car I can't think—he lauds the horse one moment and abuses it the next), echo in its every beat? The Haddock portion, eschewing water for Worthington, belongs to those humble haunts of working men where darts and billiards stand for honest joy, and beer, unlimited, is the elixir of content. If only this freedom prevailed, Mr. Haddock, perchance, would seek a watery grave, his work well done, and then we should have Mr. Herbert all to ourselves. Would Mr. Herbert, having, like Gilbert's baffled grumbler, "nothing whatever to grumble at," stop writing witty lyrics and take permanently—perish the grim thought!—to a water-gipsy's life on the tideway?

Luckily for the Licensing Laws and those bureaucratic kill-joys whose activities move our author's legal, logical, freedom-loving mind to withering heights of ridicule, the risk of this calamity is as distant as the deaths of Dora and the Income Tax.



THE KILLJOYS

Lady Waters (Miss Mabel Sealby) and her vegetarian spouse (Mr. Frederic Austin)



THE FAVOURITE'S JOCKEY

Nick Noddle (Mr. Leslie Holland) sings of the thrills of his trade

How, I wonder, does a grievance re-act on immortality? Mr. Herbert has a mission: Gilbert had none. He guyed the Law, the Admiralty, or the Æsthetes according to their news value. As a lampoonist, he was impartial.

Mr. Herbert has more pronounced convictions and, withal, the courage and wit to make them pertinent and entertaining. But if he is at all concerned with posterity—not to mention pelf—might not the propagandist give the dramatist more rope? Take those interpolations by Mrs. Bones in Act III., when the publican's widow waxes sentimental after a proposal and a charming Darby and Joan duet, but, recovering herself, knocks the stuffing out of the Licensing Report. I cannot find these comments, by the way, in the published version of the libretto. The omission may not be altogether significant.

The book of the words is worth a shilling for the prologue alone. Here are both quantity and quality, a pithy apology for making "an opera

about the poor," witty lines galore on that British institution, the horse, and this neat conclusion—

And is the Ship of England sinking now,
Beer at the helm and betting at the
prow?
The swollen Sweep and Statutory Tote,
Are these the rattle in Britannia's throat?
We cannot tell you. We would raise
no storm,
Our modest aim is record, not reform:
And for our part we like to see things
thrive
Which keep Man happy and the Horse
alive.

* * *

You want a MORAL?—Well,
then, is the pub
The root of evil—or the Jockey
Club?

Lines which promise an impartiality which doesn't mature! For there would surely be a revolution in Hammersmith if A.P.H. should ever present a Peer with a brain, a magistrate without killjoy tendencies, and an undergraduate minus the Oxford manner. Which is as it should be. A satirist's business is to give hard knocks.

Derby Day gallops gaily along from a public-house, where pearly kings sing the praises of beer and jockey-ettes emulate the Tiller Girls, to Epsom Downs. We get a rollicking scene on the road, with the delectable Cockneys (complete with mokes, oranges, concertinas, and suchlike) jostling the despicable rich, as these Pussyfoot oppressors of proletarian joys quizz the vulgar crowd from motor-cars ingeniously cut out

of Mr. George Sheringham's pleasant scenery. Then the stables, with the sweating favourite's "property" head protruding from his loose-box, and then the rails, a miniature Frith which Sir Nigel Playfair has made peppy and effective.

In the quieter surroundings of the stables Mr. Herbert is in his element. The poor horse, a temperamental creature, is "sung at" in turn by the publican (Mr. Scott Russell), the tipster (Mr. Leslie French), the barmaid (Miss Tessa Deane), and his owner, the teetotal Baronet (Mr. Frederic Austin). The publican wants the animal to lose, because the Baronet threatens to remove his beer licence, so sings dolefully in a minor key. Whereupon the favourite rolls his eyes in pain, but is revived by the encouraging serenade of Rose, the barmaid, who wants him to win. Having jilted Bert Bones, the tipster, she has backed her fancy for £100, "borrowed" from her employer's till, in order to marry the Baronet's son (Mr. Bruce Anderson), whom she thinks she loves. This penniless sprig of the nobility is a whipping-horse whom Mr. Herbert rides with a light hand but a keen spur.

"I COULDN'T MARRY ANYONE WHO DIDN'T KEEP A PUB"

Maria Bones, widow (Miss Mabel Constanduros), and honest John Bitter (Mr. Scott Russell)

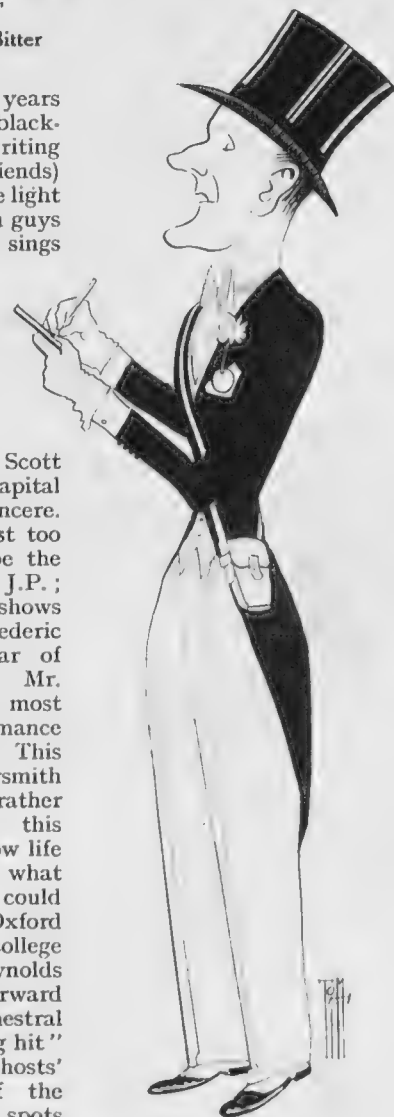


ON THE ROAD TO EPSOM
Rose, the barmaid (Miss Tessa Deane), has £100 of her employer's money on the favourite. It loses

Poor young Oxford! Two years without passing "Divvers," black-balled for a night-club (for writing social paragraphs about his friends) Eddy Waters is an admirable light villain. Mr. Bruce Anderson guys him quietly and dryly, and sings well, too.

Miss Tessa Deane's soprano is a joy to listen to after the vocal quaverings of musical-comedy heroines; she knows what to do and how to do it with charm and confidence. Mr. Scott Russell's landlord is a capital portrait, mellow and sincere. Miss Mabel Sealby is almost too dapper and feminine to be the killjoy wife of a vegetarian J.P.; Miss Mabel Constanduros shows her Cockney mettle; Mr. Frederic Austin is a dignified pillar of Temperance and the Turf. Mr. Leslie French gives the most subtle and polished performance possible as Bert Bones. This tipster hails from Hammersmith (or is it Herbertsmith?) rather than Hoxton, but as in this bitter-sweet panorama of low life Art displaces Actuality, what matter? No Hoxtonian could sing that lively libel on the Oxford undergraduate without a college education. Mr. Alfred Reynolds has written a gay, straightforward and tuneful score, full of orchestral witticisms. There is no "big hit" in the sense that "The Ghosts' High Noon" is one of the popular musical high-spots of *Ruddigore*, but, as a collaborator, Mr. Reynolds has done his work well. A highly delectable evening in the best of company.

"TRINCULO."



SOCIAL GOSSIPER
Eddy Waters (Mr. Bruce Anderson) in action at Epsom. Rose, in the end, deserts him for her true-blue Tipster

"THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE" FIRST NIGHT



MR. C. B. COCHRAN, SIR TIM BIRKIN AND LADY ASHLEY



MISS ANITA ELSON (MRS. NICK PRINSEP), MISS DOROTHY DICKSON AND MISS IRENE RUSSELL



MISS ARMSTRONG-JONES, MR. OLIVER MESSEL AND MR. AND MRS. ARMSTRONG-JONES



MR. JOHN LODER, MRS. REDMOND McGRATH, MISS TRACY SIMPSON AND MR. R. PURBRICK, M.P.



MR. AND MRS. GERALD WELLESLEY

"C. B." (with Sir Tim Birkin and Lady Ashley in the top picture) has done it again—and it is not improbable that "The Cat and the Fiddle," at the Palace, will be the big success of the new season. In these times when the theatre needs all the uplifting that it can get, and so many plays come off almost before we have realised that they are on, a really genuine success like this is a great tonic. In "The Cat and the Fiddle" there is good material by Otto Harbach, and it would be no exaggeration to say that people will want to hear Jerome Kern's music many more times. This is the acid test of a good musical play. As will be observed from this little collection of flashlights in the foyer, on the first night, London Town congregated in force, and Society and the Stage were heavily represented, and in the two pictures at the top are rather judiciously mixed. Mr. John Loder, who is in the group with Mrs. Redmond McGrath and Mr. Reginald Purbrick, Member for Walton, is the British film star; and Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger was Miss Edythe Baker



MR. AND MRS. GERARD D'ERLANGER

Photographs by Sasha



THE WIFE OF THE MINISTER

Sculpture and Statesmanship

SIR HILTON AND LADY YOUNG
AND THEIR FAMILY CIRCLE



THE RT. HON. SIR HILTON YOUNG,
P.C., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.S.C., M.P.

Photographs by Yevonde and Hay Wrightson

OF HEALTH AND HER SONS

Lady Young (formerly Lady Scott), who is seen in the above picture with Peter Scott, her son by her first marriage, and nine-year-old Wayland Young, is one of the most distinguished of women sculptors. She has created many masterly memorials to famous men, including one of her first husband, the gallant Polar explorer, which stands in Waterloo Place. Sir Hilton Young, whom she married in 1922, is Minister of Health in the National Government, a noted authority on finance and a lucid and forceful speaker. He lost his right arm in the historic landing at Zeebrugge on St. George's Day, 1918



THE INNOCENTS

Another reproduction of Mr. Norman Lindsay's delicate work in black and white appeared in a more or less recent number of this paper. Although this distinguished artist was primarily a black and white devotee, he has done a great deal of beautiful work with the brush in both media—oils and water colours. Mr. Norman Lindsay was for many years the chief cartoonist to the *Sydney Bulletin*, which paper, incidentally, was the late Phil May's stepping-stone to fame. In addition to his artistic activities Mr. Norman Lindsay has written a number of books, amongst them "A Curate in Bohemia," "The Magic Pudding," "Creative Effort—Essays on Life and Art," etc.



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THERE GOES YOUR



A GRAND NATIONAL V

Left to right—J. MOLONEY (FAIR RICHARD), SIR PETER GRANT LAWSON (ASPIRANT), MR. F. THACKERY (GRACLE).

"The Tout" has not included the one old Tom Coulthwaite says is going to win again—Grakle—but everyone has his own ideas, and obstacle on this course, and anyone who tips anything as a stone certainty has a tremendous streak of optimism. The mathematical owned by Mrs. Gemmell, won it in 1929, and ran second to Grakle last year. As the artist makes him the big feature in the picture, the races proved to be incorrect; it was only a scratch in his nostril. He is one

MONEY IN THE AIR



MISSION BY "THE TOUT"

KRAY (GREGALACH), CAPTAIN R. E. SASSOON (SMOKY MOKE), CAPTAIN BROWNHILL (DRINTYRE)

you never know what anything is going to do till it has landed all standing over the last fence. There's a possible bumper at every odds against any horse completing the course, taking a series of ten years or thereabouts, work out at about 4 to 1! Gregalachi, resumably he believes that he is due to win again. The rumour that Gregalachi broke a blood-vessel when he ran in one of his recent of the best-looking horses in the field and has a right good man on his back

ABDULLA MAGIC

Virginias
with the
Hall Mark
"Abdulla"



Virginias
with the
Hall Mark
"Abdulla"

THE WOODCUTTER'S DAUGHTER

Will you leave your scarlet birds and peach trees flushed with flowers,
Riding far away with me from secret woodland bowers?
If you miss the little fawns that come for your caresses,
I have cool green emeralds to crown your night-black tresses.

You shall be my proud Princess, and rule a great pavilion
Rich in gold and ivory, and hangings of vermillion;
From your simple forest world of shifting light and colour
Let me draw you with a Charm—the Fragrance of Abdulla!

F. R. HOLMES.

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THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



LOST AND FOUND!

POINT-TO-POINT MEETINGS



A SPARKFORD VALE GROUP

Left to right: Mr. C. Fellowes, Mrs. Phipps-Hornby, Captain and Mrs. Alistair MacIntyre, Mrs. C. Fellowes, and Miss Daly, at the Sparkford Vale Harriers' Point-to-Point. Major "Geof" Phipps-Hornby, as usual, had a winning ride, and annexed the Adjacent Hunts' Maiden Race



AT THE BICESTER POINT-TO-POINT: CAPTAIN GUY LUCAS AND THE HON. MRS. ROBERT BRAND

No sporting fixture in the Bicester country would be complete without Captain Guy Lucas, whose eye for a horse is famous. The Hon. Mrs. Robert Brand, Lady Astor's sister, who lives at Eydon Hall, near Rugby, was also enjoying the Bicester and Warden Hill Point-to-Point. This was held at Somerton, over the same course used for the Oxford University Grind the previous Saturday. The sun was a welcome visitor



MR. G. GORDON-LENNOX (OWNER OF SNOWFLAKE V.) AND HIS WIFE



CAPTAIN HEYWOOD-LONSDALE, MAJOR AIRD AND SIR JOHN AND LADY CAREW POLE

Above and on the left are more personalities at the Bicester Point-to-Point. Mr. George Gordon-Lennox, a son of the late Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox, won the Grenadier Guards' and Coldstream Guards' Regimental Race for the Lord Manners Cup, on Snowflake V. His pretty wife was Miss Nancy Darell before her marriage last year. Sir John Carew Pole's Giltown Lass (owner up) was third in the light-weight section of the Coldstream Guards' Regimental Race. The Nomination Open Race was won by Ebon Knight, owned by Major H. P. Rushton, Master of the Worcestershire



CAPTAIN AND MRS. R. G. BANKS WERE ALSO AT THE BICESTER POINT-TO-POINT

THEIR "INFINITE VARIETY"



WILKIE BARD IN SOME OLD MEMORIES



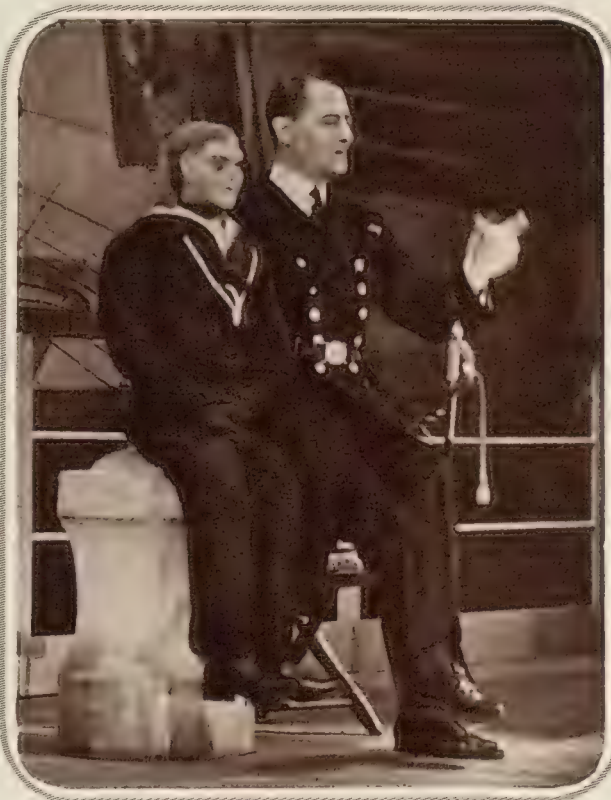
SCOTT AND WHALEY AND SOME BACK-CHAT



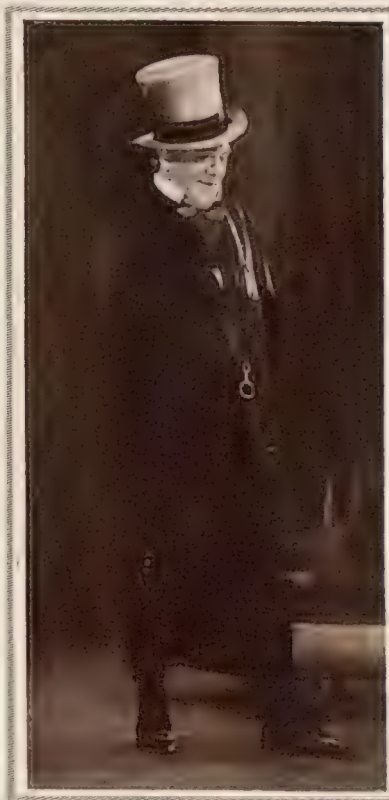
NELLIE WALLACE THE INIMITABLE



VIVIAN FOSTER: "YES, I THINK SO!"

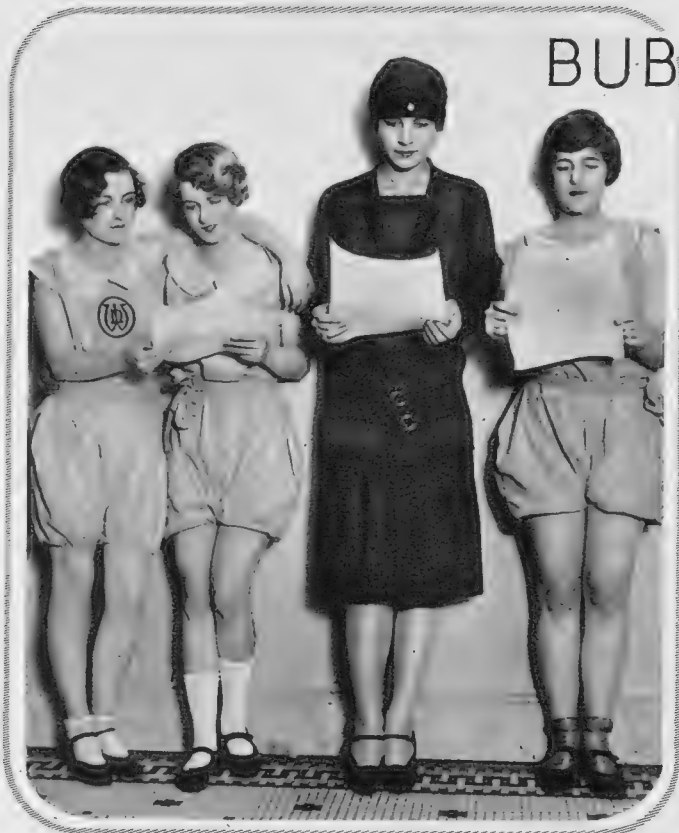


ARTHUR PRINCE AND "JIM"



Photograph: Colquhoun
BRANSBY WILLIAMS; MICAWBER

Of the distinguished artists in this interesting gallery, it can be said with absolute truth that neither age nor custom can wither their infinite variety. Each one of them has carved a little niche for her or himself in the hearts of all of us, and has earned the gratitude of countless audiences who have been taken out of the rut of the worry of life and wafted into the dreamland of merriment. It is possible to put a pin in this page anywhere and impale some one who has done something towards lightening many a leaden hour. Wilkie Bard—a prince of old-time comedians; the crisp causeries of Scott and Whaley; Nellie Wallace, in a class alone; Vivian Foster, whose curate long ago joined the immortals; Arthur Prince, who knows all about the unquenchable humour of the Lower Deck, and Bransby Williams, who keeps green the memory of one of England's greatest



A NEW RÔLE FOR MRS. WILLS-MOODY

The world-famous American tennis champion studying the script as one of the Junior League Follies, who are to give an entertainment shortly in San Francisco. England hopes that the one and only Helen Wills will also be on view at Wimbledon this summer

A MAN was trying to borrow money from a friend, explaining that he had no job and was down and out.

"But look here," said the other, "I understood you had a job. Secretary of a Stage Girls' Friendly Society, or something of the sort. Did you get the sack?"

"Yes, old man, I'm afraid I did."

"What was the trouble?"

"Well, I was too efficient, you know. I mean, too friendly."

The Army clerk was being dressed down for a slip in his work. "You really will have to be more careful," he was told by the adjutant.

"Why, what's wrong?" inquired the clerk nervously.

"Why, you addressed this letter to the 'Intellent' Officer, instead of the 'Intelligence Officer.'"

"I'm very sorry, Sir."

"Sorry! I should think so! Surely you must have known that there was no such person in the Army!"

Mrs. de Vere had been told of a wonderful crystal-gazer, so she went along to consult her.

Among other wonderful things, the mystic said: "I see . . . I see buried treasure—"

Her client broke in at this point. "Yes—never mind that. It's probably my husband's first wife. I know all about her."

A motorist was being charged with dangerous driving along a country lane.

"Is it a fact," asked the magistrate of the witness in the box, "that the defendant's car went round the corner at thirty miles an hour?"

The witness nodded. "It must have been quite that," he said.

"And what gear was he in?" was the next question.

The witness scratched his head. "Well, Sir," he said, "he was travelling too fast for me to see properly, but I remember he had a green scarf and a bowler hat on."

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A little girl who wanted numerous presents for her birthday thought that she might mention some of the articles in her prayers. So she said, following her nightly petition, "And I want a doll's pram, a little bicycle, and a doll's house."

Her elder sister, who was in the room with her, upbraided her for talking too loudly. "Don't shout," she said, "the Lord isn't deaf."

"No," said the little girl, "but Daddy is."

The customer whose account had been outstanding for some months called round and paid up.

"That letter you sent me did it," he said. "I've never seen one like it. Why, it would get money out of a stone. How did you put it together?"

The business man smiled sadly.

"I chose the best bits out of the letters my boy sends me from school," he explained.

A child on the beach at the seaside was watching a party of anglers putting off in their boat.

"But nurse?" he asked in a puzzled voice, "do the fishes *like* all that beer?"

In spite of his intentions, his golf was not good, and at the ninth he turned to his eleven-year-old caddie with a superior smile and remarked: "I believe you could play much better than I am playing, Tommy."

The boy gave him a scornful look and replied: "If I couldn't, I'd chuck it!"



A COMPLIMENT FROM PARIS

"The Tatler" plays its part in "Il Etait Une Fois," François de Croisset's success at the Théâtre des Ambassadeurs. M. André Dubosc is seen as the Duke of Leftsbury, and Mlle. Gaby Morlay as Mary Starling, the new governess



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AT THE DELHI HORSE SHOW: H.E. THE VICEROY AND LADY WILLINGDON

The Delhi Horse Show is the precursor of almost as big a function of the same sort at the Aldershot of India, Rawal Pindi, and when both of them take place the weather is of the absolute "champagne" order—blue skies and sun, and a real nip in the air, which sounds strange, but is none the less true

A NOTABLE fact about this year's Grand National is that the two form horses, Grakle and Gregalach, are being ridden by gentlemen riders: Mr. Fawcus, who has never been over Aintree, and Mr. Thackray, who has—Sir Lindsay, 1931 (*ref.*); Royal Arch II., 1930, *finished* 5th; Fleet Prince, 1929 (*fell*); and that another horse which must be considered a form horse, Annandale, because he ran third last year, will have one of the best cross-country jockeys in England on his back, W. Stott. Both Grakle and Gregalach have won the National, and last year finished 1, 2; so that there is no doubt or question as to which two horses in the whole fleet of them have the best right to our first consideration, even if the law of averages is against them. Comparatively speaking, very few horses have won this 'chase twice, and even though old Tom Coulthwaite is certain that Grakle is better this year than ever he has been, there is still that old law of averages to be taken into consideration. It would be rash to leave Grakle out, and I should have no doubts at all if Mr. Fawcus had been over this country as often as the horse he rides has been, and also if he let his leathers down a couple of holes at least. Mr. Fawcus has very little to learn about what may be called the strategy of steeplechasing, which is about the same thing as saying that he has a really fine judgment of the pace he and his opponents are going—a thing that, like hands, is born in a man—but taking on Aintree in the same way as the Park courses is a definite risk. This course is as solid, for all practical intents and purposes, as Flemington (Melbourne), whose fences have been known ere now to clout the jockeys off. Of the two top-of-the-betting horses, I think Gregalach has a slight pull in the matter of pilots, as Mr. Thackray does not ride as short, and he is a particularly nice horseman as well as being a very good jockey. Mr. Fawcus had an unfortunate experience at Cheltenham. It was not Grakle who made a mistake! Aintree is a place where the G.R. and the Professor meet upon far more even terms than over any other course in the world, and statistics, I think, back up this assertion. There are not as many gentlemen riders as there are professionals who compete, and have competed, in the Grand National, but the Corinthian average of successes is pretty high.

It is quite unnecessary to repeat all that there is to say about Grakle and Gregalach, for we have been reading it day out for months—so how about the rest? I do not think Annandale has much dash of foot at a finish, and, if he is to win, the less distance he has to cover in the last half-mile the better. He was pricked shoeing the other day, but a poultice probably put that right. I am sure we all of us would like to see Rattle Barrett train a National winner, and as one of his oldest

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

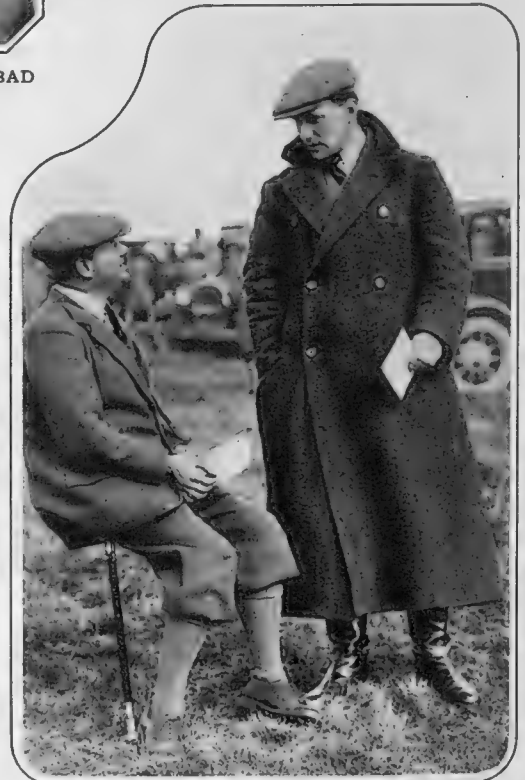
friends I should be especially delighted; but it is not possible to say that Annandale has more than a sporting chance after the way that enormous horse Remus laid him out at Kempton. Remus, I should say, was as big as the gigantic New Zealander, Moifaa, who won the National for Mr. Spencer Gollan and was afterwards sold to his late Majesty King Edward VII.; and Moifaa, if I recollect, was well over 17 hands, and stood back at his fences in very much the same way as Remus does. I saw Remus win at Kempton, and was tremendously impressed; he is the right Aintree type without doubt, and the only thing I thought about him was that he could do with a bit more over the back. He looked beautiful otherwise, and his trainer, F. Morgan, has every right to be proud of him; the only thing is, I expect, he would like more time with him. Remus is one of the boldest jumpers I have ever seen, and also one of the best-fronted ones—the kind that makes you ache to ride him. Like Vinicole, he is a stranger to Aintree, but I do not doubt his jumping the country—bar being knocked over. Another one that ought to jump the course, my friend Teddie Drake's Holmes, is not a stranger to Aintree, for he got over the fences in November. He has not yet run in a Grand National. I hate tipping horses, but I think the winner will be found amongst Remus, Gregalach, Annandale, and Vinicole. After Cheltenham I am afraid to include the first "form" horse.

(Continued on p. viii)



H.H. THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD AT THE DELHI SHOW

His Highness of Hyderabad is the ruler of the biggest independent Mahomedan State in all India, and, of its kind, in the world. H.H. is a great administrator and a staunch supporter of the British Raj



O'Brien

AT THE SCARTEEN POINT-TO-POINT

Lord Altamont and Mr. Bowes Daly, who were joint-Masters of The Blazers last season. The present Master is Captain T. Hilder, who hunts hounds himself. The Scarteen are Ireland's famous "Black and Tans," and are 23-inch pure-bred "Kerry Beagles," but very good fox-hounds all the same

To-day they feel so happy—so happy they believe they could go swinging along all day without feeling tired. Why this happiness? Why this almost superfluous energy? What is it that makes their walking so easy and joyful? The secret lies in their shoes. The flexible Cantilever Shoes which they are wearing are designed with a due respect for the shape of your feet. They disdain to force your feet into cramped, unnatural positions. The diagram below will show you one of the many reasons for Cantilever's amazing comfort.

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H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE AND
THE ARMY RUGGER TEAM

H.R.H. was escorted by Lt. A. L. Novis, the Army Captain, when the team were presented before the match at Twickenham, in which the Army beat the Navy by 11 to 0. The Army team was: Lt. S. T. A. Radcliffe (R.E.), 2nd Lt. J. A. Crawford (R.E.), Lt. A. W. Tyler (R.A.), Lt. E. W. F. de V. Hunt (R.A.), Lt. A. L. Novis (Capt.) (Leicestershire Regt.), Lt. J. R. Cole (The Loyal Regt.), 2nd Lt. F. W. Simpson (R.E.), Lt. H. Rew (Royal Tank Corps), Lt. H. H. C. Withers (R.E.), 2nd Lt. D. A. Kendrew (Leicestershire Regt.), Lt. R. G. S. Hobbs (R.A.), Lt. T. H. Clarke (Gloucester Regt.), 2nd Lt. A. Vaughan-Jones (R.A.), Lt.-Cpl. E. A. Sadler (R.C.S.), 2nd Lt. C. L. Troop (The Duke of Wellington's)

ENGLAND v. Scotland again next Saturday, to the majority of people the greatest match of the season, a game which is always a law unto itself, uninfluenced by previous form or by the ground on which it is played. That was true, at any rate, until the inception of Murrayfield, where England has lost on all her four visits. Which reminds me that a few weeks ago I saw, in discussing English prospects, I wrote "And Scotland has not yet won the Twickenham match." I was referring to next Saturday's encounter, but more than one reader has pointed out, kindly but firmly, that Scotland has twice triumphed at Twickenham. Alas! that is only too true, but my earlier ambiguous phrase was meant to refer to the future.

This is the fifty-fourth match of the series, and the score stands, Scotland 22, England 21, with ten drawn games. It is up to the Englishmen to bring the totals level once more, for a deficit of two would make nasty reading. And, for once in a way, the Englishmen are slight favourites; their season's record is better than Scotland's, and they should be now settling down into a team, and not simply a collection of individuals. Their performances are not so bad when carefully considered; they may easily be a better side than they are generally esteemed to be. To begin with, they were outweighed by the South African traction-engine, and lost a deadly dull game at Twickenham by an extremely doubtful try and a magnificent dropped goal. Followed a narrow defeat by Wales—undoubtedly the best side of the season—and a satisfactory win over Ireland. That looks like gradual improvement, and it is worth remembering, too, that this is the youngest team that England has ever put in the field—a fact which augurs well for the future.

The team, and their performances, have been rather adversely criticised, but surely it is encouragement they need,

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

and not carping condemnation. Let them go on the field feeling that they carry the confidence of English Rugby folk, and give them a special cheer for the victory at Dublin, so that they may feel they have the moral support of every English man and English woman at Twickenham. The pessimists have had their day; let us at least give youth a chance. If anyone should be depressed it should be our friendly foes the Scots, but there won't be any signs of it on Saturday. Their three defeats will only nerve them to more heroic efforts; it's no use expecting them to go on the field like a beaten side, for they will do nothing of the sort. If England wins, the men will have to work just as hard for their victory as in any match of the whole series. And they must beware of the first ten minutes in each half, for one has often seen this match lost and

won in those two fatal periods, especially just after half-time.

C. D. Aarvold, England's dashing and popular captain, knows all about this, and no doubt the selectors, who have all been through the mill themselves, will rub it into the team generally. These gentlemen, by the way, have been a very happy family this season, in strong contrast with the state of affairs in some previous years. There was a pleasant little function after the Army and Navy match, when Mr. John Daniell, the new chairman, was entertained at dinner by his colleagues. John Daniell is, as everybody knows, one of the most



THE NAVY XV. v. THE ARMY

H.R.H. Prince George shaking hands with the team before the annual encounter at Twickenham. With H.R.H. is Lt. J. W. Forrest, the Navy Captain. The team was: Sub-Lt. R. E. Topp (H.M.S. Excellent), Sub-Lt. H. J. F. Lane (H.M.S. Restless), Lt. D. St. Clair Ford (H.M.S. Dolphin), Mid. I. S. Walsham (R.N.E.C. Devonport), Lt. T. S. Lee (H.M.S. Dolphin), Sub-Lt. W. Elliott (H.M.S. Dryad), Sub-Lt. G. Webster (H.M.S. Vivid), Marine C. Light (Plymouth), L. S. W. Paddon (H.M.S. Vivid), Sub-Lt. N. L. Evans (H.M.S. Concord), Lt. J. W. Forrest (Capt.) (H.M.S. Royal Sovereign), Marine C. Webb (H.M.S. Erebus), Lt. G. M. Morrell (R.N.E.C. Devonport), Lt. J. J. Casement (H.M.S. Excellent), Sub-Lt. G. C. Falla (H.M.S. Dryad)

knowledgeable and popular sportsmen in the country, equally at home in cricket or in Rugby, and has rendered invaluable service to England in both games. As chairman of the selectors, a job which involves far more work than is generally realised, he is essentially the right man in the right place.

One need not know very much of him and his fellow-selectors to understand how closely they have the interests of England at heart, and how keenly they would resent a statement which recently appeared in print to the effect that a certain player was handicapped in his chances for an England cap by the fact that he worked in a shop. As an example of poisonous ignorance this assertion would be hard to beat, and what the writer was aiming at is difficult to understand.

The Army and Navy match provided the usual hard game, thoroughly enjoyable for players and spectators alike. The better side won, without doubt, but the accident to W. Elliot, the Navy stand-off half, certainly affected the course of the game. He was the victim of severe concussion after about twenty minutes' play, and though he remained on the field it was obvious that he was not himself. N. L. Evans had not recovered from his bout of influenza, and St. Clair Ford had it on him during the game, so no wonder the sailors were hardly at their best. But that does not detract from the merit of the Army's victory, for whom Lieut. "Alphabet" Hunt and A. L. Novis were in great form; whilst J. A. Crawford, the newcomer on the left wing, is sure to be heard of again.

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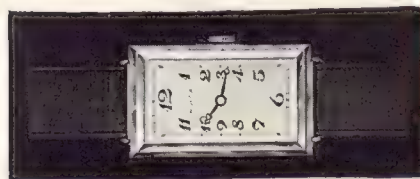
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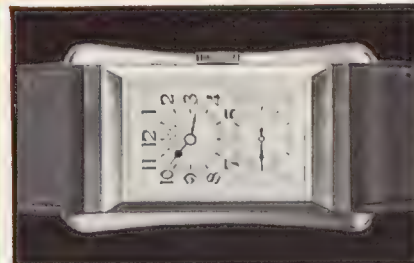
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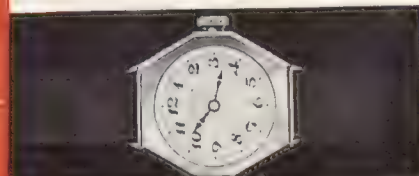
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EMBROIDERED APPLIQUÉ



Dudley Teague

"Althea, darling, don't cry, please—please don't cry!"

INSIGHT. By Theyre H. Weigall

IT was on one of the Union-Castle mail-boats running between England and South Africa that I first met Althea Spencer. I was going out to Johannesburg on business, but as it so happened that my trip coincided with the winter season the ship was full. There were several people on board that I knew, and after the first few days I seemed to have met most of the others including, among the rest of them, young George Powell and a man named Hemingway.

I had taken a liking to young Powell from the first. He had only just left school and was seeing the world beyond England for the first time; he was tremendously keen about everything and his enthusiasm was very refreshing. The only thing against him was that he had far too much money—his father, it appeared, was old Sir Stafford Powell, who owned, Heaven alone knew, how many iron mills and steel trusts. Hemingway, on the other hand, struck me as being rather badly off though quite capable of looking after himself. I should say he was a man in the late twenties then—about ten years older than Powell; he had seen a good deal of the world one way and another and was a type of that good-looking, bronzed traveller that you read about in the magazines. He knew several people that I did, and after a few days he came over and sat at the same table with Powell and myself and another man whose name I forget. We were quite a cheerful little bachelor party and everything went merrily.

It was at a dance, when we were a few nights out from Southampton, that Althea Spencer first came into the picture. I had noticed her before, up on deck—she was the sort of girl one did notice—but it was not until that evening that I realized that she was something quite out of the ordinary in the way of a beauty. Somebody introduced me to her after dinner, and

afterwards when we were sitting out in the winter garden young George came up to us and hung about until I had introduced him, too. He danced with her twice that evening, and I noticed that Hemingway had his turn as well. So did everybody else who could get the chance, for that matter—she was easily the most attractive girl there.

George came into my state-room in his dressing-gown early next morning and, after some feeble remark about its being time to get up, launched suddenly into a panegyric on the girl and declared in so many words that there was no one like her in the world. I listened to him for about ten minutes and then told him not to be a young ass and kicked him out. She was certainly a very attractive little thing, and I wasn't in the least surprised that George had been taken that way; but I must admit that I was distinctly curious to notice that, when at breakfast he said something about her, Hemingway coloured quite perceptibly and rather awkwardly turned the subject aside. *Hullo!* I thought. So he's been hooked, too! And I can tell you, I felt like a grand-father.

In a few days it became quite obvious that George and Hemingway were both all-out. Hemingway, of course, didn't say anything, and had himself under pretty good control; but young George used to sit in my state-room by the hour, pouring out his hopes and fears. I didn't like it altogether. I couldn't quite make Althea out, and although I liked her well enough I had an uneasy feeling that the progress young George was making was not altogether unconnected with those Powell millions looming behind him. After a week or so she and Hemingway and George and a young widow named Mrs. Flack had made up a sort of party of their own, and were hardly ever out of each other's sight. They used to play bridge all

(Continued overleaf)

Insight—continued from p. 459

the afternoon and dance all the evening, and I myself was rather left out of it. As soon as they started playing cards I had a suspicious enough nature to keep some sort of track on what was happening; but although whenever I watched them the stakes seemed to be pretty high—too high for Hemingway, I should have thought—nothing much seemed to be the matter. Everybody was winning and losing pretty equally, so far as I could see. And so the voyage went on, and it wasn't until we were within two days of Capetown that things began to move.

It was pretty late in the evening, and I was having a last pipe out on the boat-deck before turning in, when young George wandered up and sat down on the end of my chair.

"Hullo!" I said. "Finished for the night?"

"Yes," he said. "I'm going to turn-in in a few minutes—just came up here for a breath of air." He lit a cigarette, and in the flare of the match I could see at once that something was the matter. He looked worried, and his voice had sounded that way, too. I waited, knowing pretty well that something would follow.

"I'm awfully sorry for old Hemingway," George said suddenly. "He seems pretty down on his luck altogether, and I don't think he has much cash to play about with, either. We played poker to-night, instead of bridge—Althea and I shared-in together against Hemingway and Mrs. Flack. We played pretty high too—I wasn't thinking, or I wouldn't have done it. Everything I did came off, and by the end of it Althea and I had made nearly a hundred and fifty pounds each. And then Mrs. Flack, who was a bit excited, offered to toss Hemingway for which of them should pay the whole thing. Of course it was Hemingway who lost. He took it jolly well, I must say, but for all that he went a bit white. Althea and I tossed too; she won, thank Heaven. Hemingway wrote her a cheque for the three hundred then and there; but I wish we hadn't all been such asses. I don't like it."

Neither did I like it—I didn't like it at all. And somehow it was what I had been vaguely expecting all along. I had nothing whatever to go on, but I had an instinctive feeling that there was something wrong with Althea. And straight or crooked, it was certainly pretty rough on Hemingway.

George left me a few minutes later and went below. I didn't want to turn-in particularly, and I lit up another pipe and sat watching the stars. Presently I could hear that somebody was climbing the companion-way, and after a moment Hemingway himself came wandering past, smoking a cigar. Even in that light I could see that he was pretty sick. I called out to him the second time he passed me; he started, saw who I was, and came over and sat down beside me.

I made a remark or so about nothing in particular, and he answered listlessly. Then, suddenly turning to me, he said, "D'you know, I'm the most infernal idiot God ever made. A couple of nights ago, acting the ass with young Powell and Althea Spencer, I lost the best part of a hundred pounds that I couldn't afford, and now, not more than a couple of hours ago, I've just gone down another three hundred at poker. That makes four hundred pounds altogether, pretty well everything I

have." He laughed shortly, and said, "Oh, well, we live and learn. Though I should have learned by this time, Heaven knows."

This other hundred was news to me; young George hadn't said anything about it, and I wondered whether he was getting secretive or whether it simply hadn't occurred to him. I felt quite certain now that Althea was up to no good. I felt sorry for Hemingway; a man like he was should certainly have known better than to get mixed up in such a business, but he was clearly so head-over-heels in love with the girl that he couldn't see what was happening. I said it was hard luck, and tried to laugh it off; but it wasn't any laughing matter for him, obviously. We talked for a few minutes about other things, and then he left me. "I'm sorry I spoke about that affair just now," he said as he was moving away. "I'll be glad if you'll forget it. Good night." I was really sorry for him as I watched him disappearing down the deck.

It was the next evening—our last before we arrived in port—that the climax arrived. I was again sitting smoking alone in the dark in my little alcove up on the boat deck, and it so happened that I was thinking about Althea Spencer when she herself came strolling along the deck in the moonlight, for once unattended by either Hemingway or young George.

"Hullo!" she said. "All by yourself?" She stopped, and sat down on the chair next to mine. "Isn't it a shame, there isn't any bridge to-night? George won't play, and neither will the others. I was longing for a game, too."

At that moment I felt so absolutely certain that Althea was crooked that I decided then and there, though it wasn't my business, that I should put my theories to the test.

"Look here," I said. "I want you to listen to me very carefully for a minute or two. You possibly may not remember me, but we have met before. The occasion, curiously enough, was rather like the present

one. It was on a ship, and several people had been losing a good deal of money at cards. Strange, isn't it, that it should be the same way now?"

"What on earth are you talking about?" she said. "Why, I'm certain I've never met you before."

"Oh, yes, you have," I said, "though I'm not surprised that you don't remember me. I happen to be one of those people that the shipping companies employ to look after the interests of their passengers and to see that they're not swindled. Naturally, I don't make myself more conspicuous than is necessary."

For a professional crook she wasn't brazening it out as well as I had expected—this last stroke had quite obviously rattled her. I decided to get to the point at once.

"Listen to me," I said, evenly. "At the present moment I understand that you have swindled Mr. Hemingway out of four hundred pounds. The first thing that you are going to do is to write him a note explaining that it was obtained by fraud and enclosing with it the two cheques that he has given you. After that I shall leave it to the captain to decide whether he will have you arrested here or in port."

And then, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, she entirely gave in. "I can't!" she wailed. "I can't—I can't! I'm in debt to a money-lender in Johannesburg, and if I don't pay him when

(Continued on p. 2)



OXFORD INTER-COLLEGIATE SOCCER FINALISTS

J. R. V. Johnson

The Brasenose and Magdalen teams, the former winning by 5-0. At half time Brasenose were leading only by a goal, but turned on the tap in the second half. The names, left to right, are: Back row—W. J. R. Turner, A. C. Hogarth, A. J. H. Benn, J. Graham, W. J. D. Tetley, G. C. M. Heathcote; middle row—D. B. Lister, J. D. Argyle, E. A. Barlow, R. G. Staunton, C. R. V. Bell, S. M. Michler, N. W. Sabine, P. M. Scott; front row—W. Roberts, C. Mason, P. H. A. Brownrigg, J. S. O. Haslewood, E. G. Tuckwell, J. D. Morton, H. S. E. Snelson, and A. M. W. Scott

Fongasse



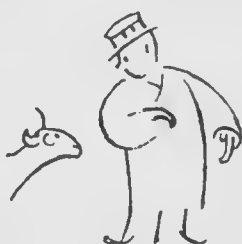
Do you choose
your house by
a bit of brick?



— or your
car by a bit of
steel?



— or your
furniture by a
bit of tree?



Do you choose
your gloves by a
bit of chamois?



— or your
shoes by a bit of
cow?



Well, then, if
it isn't a rude
question, how
do you choose
your suit?



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EVE AT GOLF

The Great Twelve and Other Matters

By

ELEANOR E. HELME



MISS GOURLAY

This is the hush before the storm. Somewhere, doubtless, young second teamers are twittering in their nests, wondering whether county first teams will shortly be their portion, but no early Victorian family was more completely cowed than they into the belief that they should be seen and not heard. Nobody, except a few watchful officials, ever seem to know whether Kent, Middlesex, Sussex, Surrey, Herts, or Essex have the finest fledglings, until suddenly they appear in full feathers in more exalted circles.

That being so, there is no major thrill to write about this week; only the good news that Mrs. Kenneth Morrice is getting on well towards being fit and flourishing once more, although not in time to run the London Foursomes for the twelfth time.

Having satisfied itself on that point, the golfing world, in the absence of playing news, turns its mind to the all-important question of the Great Twelve who have been nominated in readiness for the match against U.S.A. on May 21. As the daily Press gives it, this is a list gloriously impartial in its alphabetical order, unadorned save by the simple asterisk which tells that the player thus decorated took part in the match against France last autumn. Even Miss Joyce Wethered is described as no more than "an internationalist and former English and British champion." Here, in very sooth, is British phlegm, as imperturbable as those glorious men and ponies of the Queen's Bays twisting and turning at Islington without the lift of an eyelash. The list goes into no lyrics or hysterics or panegyrics; it is content to leave to amateur team pickers all the emotion and commotion which will doubtless rage before six players are duly ranged against U.S.A. in the morning foursomes and six (of which two may have stood out in the morning) in the afternoon singles.

Shall we, here and now, be equally judicial and unimpassioned and set forth in alphabetical



MRS. WATSON



MISS JOYCE WETHERED

Who will captain Great Britain in the International match against U.S.A. The team will be chosen from the players shown on this page



MRS. GARON



MISS FISHWICK

order a list of all the honours which have fallen to each of the twelve? But lists are such dull reading, and perhaps the world at large does not mind

so very greatly which year who played for her country, which she was runner-up, and which Champion in its Championship.

Moreover, nobody wants to argue about Miss Wethered or Miss Wilson or Miss Morgan; their claims stand above discussion. As for the rest it is almost too delicate ground to tread at all. It would probably be just as well if journalists, like jurors, could be shut up and forbidden to air their views whilst the trial is proceeding; perhaps the really courteous thing is to put on a voluntary muzzle and say nothing. Perhaps, too, it is the safest. Then nobody can hurl at your head your incompetence as a selector. The platitudinous way seems the only one left open; let us do it thoroughly. These twelve are the cream of British golf, and it is sincerely to be hoped that whichever of them are selected to uphold the honour of this country they will do themselves justice and that the best side will win. How does that sound for utter triteness?

Turning from such exalted matters, it seems that hope springs eternal in every breast this year, just as in every other year. It is not merely the posters which announce Brighter Days are Here; every golfer, except the very old and disillusioned, believe that this year is going to be their year. Each may know her own limitations. The bronze division handicap knows she will win no scratch prizes. The double-figure handicap does not aspire to win the championship nor even to play for her county; the golfer, rated at 4 or 5, knows that she will not be chosen for her country if that country be England.

But the bronze divisionite scents the silver, the double figure definitely thinks that with perseverance she will arrive in single figures; the player of four or five handicap has a secret hope

(Continued on p. iv)



MISS ENID WILSON



MISS WANDA MORGAN



MISS CORLETT

THE GREAT DATE

May 21—Great Britain v. U.S.A. at Wentworth

Also to be noted: March 23, "Bylander" Trophy at Addington. April 21, "Britannia and Eve's" One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes at St. George's Hill



MISS McCULLOCH



MISS D. PARK



MISS D. PIM



MISS B. PYMAN

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10 for 4d.

5 for 2d. + 20 for 8d. + Flat tins, 60 for 2/=

The Highway

By M. E.

Something Different.

THE *Cat and the Fiddle*, presented by C. B. Cochran at the Palace Theatre, is extremely interesting from a fashion point of view, as it shows that women really do react to their clothes; especially is this the case with Delysia. Her tailored suit is in complete harmony with the efforts she makes to retain her lover—there is the iron hand beneath the velvet glove. The



whole gamut of brown shades are present in the tweed; the corsage is finished with a neat kilted frill, while a diamond brooch appears at the base of the V-shaped neck-line; her hat, belt, and pochette are of bright red, while her gloves are of a dark chocolate shade; they extend nearly to her elbows. In another scene she is seen in a snow-white pierrot's costume; it is cut on pyjama lines, and there is not a superfluous inch of material anywhere.

Silver and Jade Green.

No one except Delysia could wear with grace and distinction her evening dress of jade green georgette; crystal and silver beads are introduced with a running-water effect, the upper portion of the corsage is omitted, or it may be that there is a practically invisible veiling of flesh-coloured tulle; it is cut in a very deep V in front, which is laced with jewelled strands; they apparently hold the entire dress in position. When seated in her car *en route* for the theatre, she adds a jade green velvet wrap, handsomely trimmed with natural blue fox. Gina Malo's dancing frock is very simple; it is of crêpe de chine just off white, embroidered with silver.

of Fashion

BROOKE

The Shoulder Cape needs Help.

Many believed that the shoulder cape would need no assistance to increase its charms; however a coat is added to a creation worn by Peggy Wood; the dress is of white angel-skin and there is a shoulder cape of macaw green velvet reinforced with streamers; they meet in the centre of the front, cross over, and form sash ends at the back, where they mingle with the drapery of the skirt; the coatee has double frills and is quite short. Earlier in the evening she is seen in a tweed coat and skirt, important features of which are the square neck-line and the loosely-knotted scarf.

Black and White make Grey.

Among the other dresses is an affair of the picture genre worn in "The Phantasy"; it is carried out in (Continued on p. ii)

Among the rules of present-day fashions is that there shall be no unnecessary trimming. It is of that all-British fabric, Viyella, that the plaid blouse on the left is made; the scheme is completed with a red leather belt. The sleeveless cross-over waistcoat above is also of Viyella

Nothing is more appropriate for the warm weather than these dresses; the one on the left is of vellum tinted Japshan with jade green belt and revers; striped green and white Rochene makes the dress on the right; note the envelope flaps on skirt and corsage



Ellis
Fulton

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I can promise you a clearer lovelier skin . . .

"If you were to use my Special Lotion tonight, you'd see a difference *tomorrow morning*. You could look in your mirror—in the most candid morning light—and see your skin clearer, smoother, actually *fairer* than when you went to bed. And if you followed my simple routine faithfully for two or three weeks you would see that difference *every day*—until you'd got your skin back to the utter clarity, the flawless *natural* loveliness it had when you were a child.

I know my way is different—revolutionary even. But I believe—and I have proved it in a lifetime of study and experience—that *real soap-and-water cleansing*, with specially prepared soap, is a very big beauty secret. Nothing else really removes grease; and it is grease that attracts so fatally all the dust and germs and dangerous irritants in the air. Cyclax users massage with Skinfood night and morning; but, in the morning, after the bracing nourishing cream has done its work, they always wash it away with warm water and the rare rich-lathered Cyclax soap. Instead of greasy vanishing cream they prepare their skin for the day with a special liquid *non-greasy* powder-base; and they add the final subtle finish with powder and perhaps also cosmetics, specially prepared neither to harm the skin nor to artificialise its quiet natural charm.

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Frances Hemming.

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service advertising



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FREE ADVICE. I will willingly advise you about your skin at my Salon. If you cannot call there you will find in my booklet a form containing helpful questions—it is only a few minutes' work to fill this up and post to me.

FOOT NOTES of FASHION



Cantilever Shoes are comfortable, flexible, conform to the contour of the foot, allow the ground plan of the foot to assume its normal outline, and prevent sagging



There are Cantilever shoes for men, women, and children. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that they are British made and that the workmanship and materials are of the finest. Among their manifold advantages are: they rob the feet of fatigue and that tired feeling, they have snug-fitting heels, therefore they never rub or wear the stockings, they conform to and support the arches and swathe the insteps. Cantilever recommend foot exercises for three minutes night and morning, as by this means the feet are kept healthy and strong. Further details regarding these exercises may be obtained from the Coventry Shoe Co., Coventry Street, W.1



*The latest & smartest Necklaces of fine pearls and diamonds
— faultlessly reproduced by Ciro*



These new necklaces in real gems are so sensational avogue that thousands of pounds have already been spent on them. Yet a faithful Ciro copy of one of these magnificent jewels costs as little as £2.2.0 — the merest fraction of the cost of the originals! Ciro show above a few examples of their new collection of fifty exquisite creations in this new

necklet mode, each instinct with that indefinable something which the world names good taste. Even if you could tell they were not real, you would still prefer them. Some of these altogether charming necklaces are illustrated in the Ciro Catalogue — the catalogue to which women of fashion turn as a guide and a friend when choosing their jewellery.

Ciro Pearls

48 OLD BOND ST. * 178 REGENT ST., W.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

white net veiled with black, the result being an elusive shade of grey, black spots or patches are introduced with discretion; of course the corsage is tight fitting; the Glengarry cap of silver sequins is worn at a particularly jaunty angle. The fish-wife influence in conjunction with the Princess is noticeable in another evening frock; it is carried out in parchment-tinted taffeta, while in a frock of vermilion georgette a cape on one side only has its rôle to play.

Silence Prevailed.

There are two kinds of silence; one denotes disapproval, and the other enthusiasm that will brook no interruption; it was the latter that prevailed in the Debenham and Freebody (Wigmore Street) salons on the occasion of their dress parades. Tea was served when all the dresses and their accessories had "passed." Great care had been taken in designing the wedding gowns to ensure the wearer being able to walk easily and gracefully; this means so much. There was a white satin wedding-dress from the Inexpensive Department for 7½ guineas, the yellow and green tulle bridesmaids' frocks being the same price. Great enthusiasm was aroused by a medieval bridal gown with slashed sleeves embroidered with pearls; an illustration of this lovely affair may be seen in the March 2 issue of this paper. Court gowns were well represented and correct in every detail.

She Loved Sugar.

There was only one small personage in Debenham and Freebody's dress parade, and although her chaperone told her not to accept a lump of sugar she could not resist the temptation, and looked for a lump as a reward for her labours every time she passed a particular chair. Sometimes she was seen in a tailored suit, at others an organdi frock for party wear, and then there were simple little overalls for the nursery. She was particularly proud of her shoes and stockings. It is impossible to do justice to the many models; suffice it to say that there was something to suit every woman who has a reputation to maintain for being well dressed.

A Fashion Party.

There was recently a fashion party at H. J. Nicoll's; there were classic tailor-mades, there were coats with the military aspect, and blouses of Irish lace and other fabrics. The suits were given particularly amusing names such as

American Bell Boy, Bib and Tucker, etc. In order that the gilt-edge nature of Nicoll's specialities may be realized a visit is essential.

Riding Outfits.

Riding outfits occupy a prominent position in the dress world, and there are few women who do not have to budget for them. Moss Brothers (King Street,

In these salons there is an exceptionally large assortment of ties at pleasantly moderate prices. Furthermore, they provide saddles by all well-known makers, horse-clothing, hunting crops, and other stable requirements. Indeed, they have a world-wide reputation. They would gladly send their illustrated booklets on application. Naturally the name of this paper must be mentioned.

Rival Attractions.

There was a fashion parade at Selfridge's, Oxford Street, W., as well as a Hoverplane on the roof; to be quite candid I omitted the parade, although I subsequently regretted it, and went on the roof to try and learn the rudiments of flying. The use of the Hoverplane is an inexpensive substitute for at least the first three hours of dual instruction in an "A" licence course; it is certain that the Hoverplane will promote universal air-mindedness. The embryo pilot becomes accustomed to the unusual feeling of being air-borne, and he or she is at all times in full control of the machine under the instructor, who commands through head-phones. It is anchored to the ground in such a manner that all normal flying movements may be practised. By the way, it does not perform those wonderful gymnastics that the model used by Marie Dressler in *Emma* does.

A One-Piece Garment.

The Berlei figure foundations have passed the very critical censor at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street. She declares with justice that it is a great mistake to contemplate equipping the wardrobe for the Spring until the foundation garments have been acquired. To obtain a perfectly fitting foundation garment, it is not enough to know that one is slender, stout, or average. How, for instance, shall a corset designed merely upon slim lines care equally well for a slender figure virtually hip-less, but with a developed abdomen, as for a figure having a flat abdomen and pronounced hips. Clearly, these two figures, each slender, yet so different, cannot be equally served by one and the same corset. Berlei garments are designed to conform with the truth, scientifically ascertained, that there are five fundamental figure types, and that when the correct Berlei one is chosen it moulds, supports and persuades the figure to greater loveliness.



WELL-TAILORED RIDING KIT

Picture by Blake

Designed and carried out by Moss Bros. (King Street, Covent Garden).
It consists of breeches, coat, and accessories, including the boots

Covent Garden), who always walk ahead of the times, are making a feature of ready-to-wear inexpensive riding kit; it is admirably cut, and the quality of the materials is excellent. On this page will be seen an astride outfit; the tweed jacket can be supplied from £2 10s., the breeches, in drab cavalry twill, from £3 3s., the boots from 57s. 6d.; the collar and shirt are 15s., the hat is 18s. 6d., and the string gloves 5s.

All for Beauty



Spring Winds Shrivell an Untended Skin

Guard it with these three essential creams

Your skin needs to be at its best to face the trying sun and stinging winds of an English Spring. Follow the simple Harriet Hubbard Ayer daily treatment and keep your skin exquisitely smooth and lovely.

First. A generous "wash" with Luxuria to cleanse your skin to the depth of each pore.

Secondly. Smooth a very light film of Beautifying Face Cream over face and neck. Dust lightly with the Harriet Hubbard Ayer powder that best suits your skin.

Thirdly. At night, work in Skin and Tissue Builder, the unique skin food and massage cream, to tone up tired muscles and build up fresh new tissues.

What make-up should you use?

What is the best treatment for your skin?

Call at the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Salons, 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, and get expert advice. Or write there for a free booklet, "All for Beauty," which tells you how to improve your looks in your own home. Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations are obtainable from all good Department Stores, Hairdressers and Chemists. Luxuria costs 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9. Beautifying Face Cream and Skin and Tissue Builder, each 4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

LIMITED

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS

Eve at Golf

(Continued from p. 462)

that with a little bit of luck she might go so far in the Championship, certainly in the Close, that a selection committee would wish they had not overlooked her, and would determine to remedy their sin of omission next year.

It is all very fortunate, or pathetic, according to which way you look at it. Fortunate, emphatically, for what is life without hope, or golf without an ideal? Pathetic, yes, if you consider how many of these hopes are doomed to go unfulfilled. Only, after all, golf is a game, and perhaps it is the playing of it which is worth doing, not necessarily the playing of it well. R.L.S. held that "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive," at which rate the vast majority of golfers are hopeful travellers, and therefore happy.

It really is rather amazing to consider how many bad golfers there are in the world. Leave aside the vast army of week-end or part-time golfers, who play remarkably well considering how little they play at all, and think for a moment of the far vaster multitude who really devote more time to golf than to anything else in life. At open meeting after open meeting you encounter them, plodding on industriously, now and again coming in for some small portion of a third handicap sweep (divided), or at best a last nine holes under handicap (other prize-winners ineligible). Still they go on and on, making the same old muddles, swelling the sweep for other people, enjoying themselves—. There's the rub. Do they enjoy it? To hear their grumbles one sometimes wonders.



MISS PATRICIA BLACKADER

A new portrait of Miss Patricia Blackader, who is engaged to Lord Waleran. Miss Blackader has already shown her interest in her future husband's business by entertaining to breakfast at Sheafhayne Manor, Honiton, the home of her cousins, Captain and Mrs. Benson, with whom she has lived as a daughter of the house since her mother died in 1920, six of the competitors in the R.A.C. Rally. Amongst them were Earl Howe, the Earl of March, the Earl of Brecknock, and Lord Scarsdale

Some Notable New Records

Columbia are celebrating the Hadyn Bi-Centenary by issuing this month two of his symphonies, "The Clock Symphony" and "The Toy Symphony"; four quartets, "F major," "D major," "D major (the Lark)," and "G major"; and also two vocal records from *The Creation*. The symphonies are played by Sir Hamilton Harty and his Hallé Orchestra, and the first three of the quartets mentioned are by the Lener String Quartet, the fourth being by the Poltronieri String Quartet.

Of the two vocal records, one is The Sheffield Choir singing "The Heavens are Telling," and "Hail Bright Abode" (*Tannhäuser*), and the other "With Verdure Clad," sung by John Bonner. Wonderful value is represented by the issue of Elgar's "Enigma" Variations on four twelve-inch records, price 4s. each, played by Sir Hamilton Harty and the Hallé Orchestra.

Of the lighter records the following are the very latest: *Helen* vocal numbers, by the Columbia Light Opera Company; *Bow Bells* vocal numbers, with *Hold My Hand* vocal numbers on the reverse side, also by the Columbia Light Opera Company.

Dance records include "Now's the Time to Fall in Love" and "To be Worthy of You," by the Savoy Hotel Orpheans; "You Rascal, You" and "Who's your Little Who-Zis," the former by Jack Teagarden and his Orchestra, and the latter by the Klockerbockers.



Miss Jean Colin

NOW PLAYING IN "SAN TOY"
AT DALY'S THEATRE...

writes:

"WHEN it is a case of working at top speed daily during the run of a successful play, I find I never need anything more than Phosferine to be sure of sound sleep and that feeling of delightful, fresh vigour which makes one feel happy in one's work. It saves one from the sort of nerve fatigue which often spoils the best work, and I owe it to Phosferine that I can spend energy in studying hard, and I would like to impress strongly upon all women workers that Phosferine is admirable for preventing that nerve worry and anxiety which ruins the smooth youthfulness of the skin."

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza
Debility
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Maternity Weakness
Weak Digestion
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From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.



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value. It's what
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"Bradley" clothes are
famous because of their
Style, their unvarying
Quality—even in the
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expert workmanship.
At the present low level
of prices "Bradley"
clothes will prove a
very real economy.

New models for the Spring
Season — INCLUDING
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MATERIALS for the
debutante as well as the
matron—are now being dis-
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10 minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel

*He never
has
tooth-ache
-but*



THIS SKIAGRAM SHOWS PYORRHOIC
INFECTION AND START OF AN APICAL
ABSCESS DUE TO THIS INFECTION



Skigram by A. T. K. Moir,
qualified Radiographer.

**what may the
X-rays reveal!**

While the teeth themselves appear to be strong and sound, an unpleasant and dangerous disease—Pyorrhœa—may be attacking the surrounding tissues, destroying the bony sockets in which the teeth are held.

Shortly, if unarrested, teeth may have to be extracted because of the menace to health from the absorption into the blood of the poison of Pyorrhœa. The X-ray is an indispensable aid to the diagnosis of this dread malady, which most often comes from the growth of malignant bacteria thriving in unseen accumulations of tartar, especially at the gum margins.

Single handed, Forhan's for the Gums will not cure Pyorrhœa in its advanced state. Only a dental surgeon can arrest the disease then. But Forhan's, in addition to being a safe, fine cleanser of the teeth, contains those elements necessary to prevent Pyorrhœa, to check its spread in the earlier stages.

Why risk health and looks when so simple a precaution is found at any chemist's?



By estimate of
leading dental
authorities four
out of five people
over forty suffer
from Pyorrhœa.

THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12 OLD SWAN LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

AIR EDDIES : *By* OLIVER STEWART

A new Kind of Air Race.

It is now possible to give some more details of the air race for the "Morning Post" Trophy which Heston Air Park is organizing. It is designed, as I suggested it would be last week, to test skill in finding the way about rather than in fast flying round a known course. The course is therefore to be kept secret and each competitor will be handed, at his starting time on May 21, sealed orders; in other words an envelope containing a 10 miles to the inch map (The Civil Air Edition) with a number of points marked on it.

The envelope will also contain a slip showing the order in which those points must be passed. The rest is left to the competitor. If he likes he can draw his track line on the map and set off at once, trusting to his skill in map reading. Or he can spend a few minutes obtaining accurate bearing and distances with the aid of protractor and map measurer and even working out the probable drift and allowing for that.

A particularly interesting feature of the event will be the contrast between the different methods chosen by the different pilots. This race is open to all pilots who are British or have lived in Britain for five years or more but, in order to encourage the amateur, very large time allowances can be claimed by people who are able to declare that they have not done more than a certain number of hours flying.

Gliding.

Mr. E. C. Gordon England read an extremely interesting paper on "Soaring Flight; Its Function in Aviation," at the Royal Society of Arts the other day. He maintained—and I think that he proved his case—that the modern gliding and soaring movement has four main



AN AVRO X AT ALMAZA AERODROME

A photograph just received showing the arrival at Almaz aerodrome of one of the Avro X's which have been delivered to the Egyptian Government. Captain Dan Cameron, the pilot of one of the machines, is third from the left, and Mr. Christopher Clarkson, the pilot of the other, is on the left of General A. C. Lewin, who is wearing a leather coat and flying helmet. The full list, left to right, is: —, Flight-Lieutenant Stokes, Captain Dan Cameron, Mr. Falton, J. L. Shand, Mr. Codling (ground engineer), Christopher Clarkson, General A. C. Lewin, Ferik Sir Charlton W. Spinks, K.B.E., D.S.O., Mr. Madle (ground engineer), Squadron-Leader W. Long, Controller of Civil Aviation in Egypt, Captain Sahay, A.D.C. to General Spinks, Kemal Bey Etani

functions through which it is aiding, and will continue to aid the progress of aviation. These are—propaganda, instruction in flying, scientific and technical development and meteorological development.

Interesting points from the paper were that both the French and German Governments subsidize gliding, and that in Italy gliding is probably going to be part of the curriculum of the military flying schools.

Kestrels with a Kick.


It is not often that I refer to military aircraft and engines in these notes, mostly confining myself to civil machines, but there are so many things about the Rolls-Royce Kestrel that must interest everyone who flies that I feel that this is a moment when I may depart from my rule with advantage.

The Kestrel seems to be able to extend its power output almost without limitation. As delivered to the Royal Air Force to-day the Kestrel gives 580 b.h.p. at maximum rev. at 11,500 ft. When the fuel has been suitably prepared by the admixture of a small amount of lead, the Kestrel can be put up to give an output of 710 b.h.p. at 2,250 r.p.m., and 840 b.h.p. at maximum permissible speed of 2,700 r.p.m.

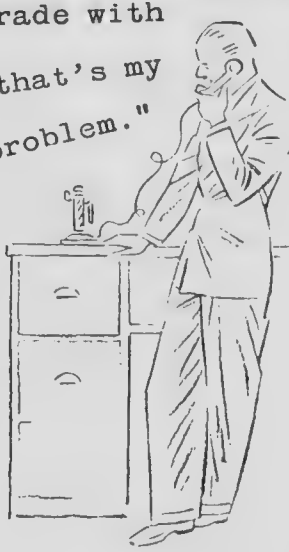
It is, therefore, seen that these engines, with a normal peace time rating of 480 b.h.p., can immediately be operated at an output of 710 b.h.p. by using suitable fuel. At a time of national emergency, therefore, we have in the Kestrels a huge reserve of power which can be called upon at a moment's notice.

With this amazing power output the Kestrel is doing 400, 450, and more hours' flying without overhaul of any kind (there is no top overhaul with the Kestrel), and not showing any signs of damage or wear.

IMPERIAL POSSESSIONS



"How to extend trade with the Empire—that's my problem."



"Well, darling, what about buying me some Kayser stockings for a start?"

Made in the British Empire—
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stockings. Beloved for their slim-tailored
ankles—and the wonderful wear of their pure
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KAYSER

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 454)

The Johannesburg farmer who sat under a tree waiting for a guinea-fowl to hatch a clutch of eggs and suddenly found a too-friendly snake wanted to go to sleep on his lap, appears to have been in a most unpleasant position, but not half so unpleasant as someone who, when having his before-dinner tub in an Indian bath-room, found a thirsty snake climbing in through the shutters, which are called "ginnills," though exactly why I have never been told. The farmer, at any rate, had his trousers on. The man in the bath-room did not wait to snatch up even his bath-towel, and he was a sound judge, for the snake, which was killed afterwards, was discovered to be a hefty cobra about 4 ft. 6 in. long, and very thirsty. This happened in a bungalow where they had neglected the usual precautions against snakes getting in—wire net-work on the drain outlets, and, which is much better, serrated strips of kerosene oil-can tin sunk in the ground all round the house in the same way as border tiles are sunk. A snake loathes scratching his tummy, and rarely attempts to cross anything like this. Snakes encountered when a person is fully dressed are bad enough, but to meet them in your birthdays hardly bears thinking about even at this distance of time.

And à propos, just about this time, there was a chap a lot of us knew, but whose name it would not be fair to mention—but we called him "Brandy Dick" for short—who was at that same jolly pig-sticking party, who one dewy dawn was heard raising the most appalling racket, and seen charging about the deep verandah, which surrounded the house, sucking vigorously at a bottle of Martell's Three Star. Every time he had a moment between gulps, he let a yell out of himself and said he had been bitten by a cobra. Of course everyone was terribly concerned, because a cobra only gives you about fifteen minutes, and "Brandy Dick" was a most



J. R. V. Johnson
MISS CYNTHIA MILLER AT THE
BICESTER 'CHASES

A snapshot near Somerton, where the Bicester ran their point-to-point last week. Miss Miller is a daughter of Brigadier-General A. D. Miller, who was Master of the South Oxfordshire up to this season

popular chap. Luckily there was a doctor in the party and as soon as we could catch the visibly tiring corpse-to-be, he got him to bed and stripped to see if there was any hope of either cutting out or cutting off anything and so saving the sufferer's life. Not a tooth-mark of any sort or description was found on him and in due course he went off into a beautiful baby-sleep, waking up just in time for the 12 o'clock "Brunch," which happened after we had come in from exercising the skins, changed, tubbed and *apéritiffed*. They did say, but I do not vouch for it—that someone later on discovered a dejected cobra dying in contortions and doing ugly wriggles in figures of eight. I won't swear as to this, but "Brandy Dick" is still very much alive.

I do not suppose that even the Board of Directors of the often quite unjustly condemned Southern Railway know exactly the kind of man they have in their chairman, who is an old friend of mine, and the kind of chap nothing will ever defeat. When Everard Baring was Military Secretary to Lord Curzon during that glittering Viceroyalty, he was also the main-spring of a very well known thing called the Annandale Club, which is Simla's playground, race-course, and polo-ground, and is situated in a beautiful and bosky dell about 1,000 ft. below Simla itself. When Everard Baring took on his job this race-course, if I remember, was not much more than 5 furlongs round from W.P. to W.P., and the polo-ground in the centre was nothing like full size, all tournaments in consequence being played by three-a-side teams. The only little obstacle to improvement was a very sizeable chunk of the Himalayas. No one, not even Lord Bill Beresford, who was a bit bad to stop, had ever thought about removing this obstruction, but Everard Baring did, and not only thought about it, but brought it off. He blasted the hill away and built a little trolley railway line to carry off the debris. The result was that he produced a full-sized polo-ground and lengthened the race-course to a mile.

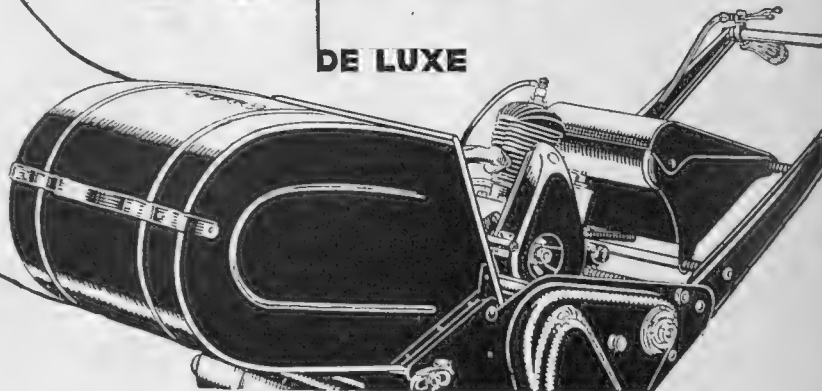
Can you invest £6 at 20%?

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Never mind, for a moment, the improvement an Atco would make on the cultivation of your lawn—just concentrate on the saving in money you could be making right at this moment.

Ten models — including the new De Luxe range — sizes from 12 to 36 ins. — all backed by The Atco Service Organisation. Prices from 21 guineas.

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ATCO
ALL BRITISH
MOTOR MOWER
DE LUXE



Please send full particulars of your system whereby I can obtain an Atco for from £6 down. Also include your illustrated catalogue.

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THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



MARCH, 1932

16th to 31st inclusive.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 16th Boxing. Amateur Championships (R. Albert Hall) | 25th Tennis. Open Tournament, cont. Hard Courts (Scarborough) |
| Show. Manchester Dog Show. | Motor Cycling. M.C.C. London-Land's End run. |
| Racing. Lincoln and Metropolitan (Baldoye) Meetings. 2nd Cavalry Brigade Steeplechases. | 26th Rugby. Army v. R.A.F. (Twickenham). |
| Golf. Gold Cup (Ladies), Roehampton. | Football. R. Navy and R. Marines v. R.A.F. (London). |
| 17th ST. PATRICK'S DAY. | Hockey. Scotland v. Ireland (Paisley). England v. France (Folkestone). Hockey Festival opens (S'end-on-Sea). |
| Show. Irish Kennel Club, Dublin. | Racing. Kempton Park, Phoenix Park, Manchester, Plumpton, Chesham, Southwell, Carlisle. |
| Racing. Liverpool, Metropolitan (Baldoye) and Limerick Meetings. | 28th EASTER MONDAY |
| 18th Fencing. Foil Championship, final pool. | Racing. Kempton Park, Birmingham, Newcastle, Cardiff, Carlisle, Manchester, Market Rasen, Towcester, Wetherby, Wincanton, Eridge Hunt, Hereford Hunt, Huntingdon, Torquay, West Norfolk Hunt. |
| Racing. Grand National Steeplechase (Liverpool). | Motor Racing. Open Meeting (Brooklands). |
| 19th Rugby. England v. Scotland (Twickenham). | 29th Racing. Birmingham and Newcastle Meetings. |
| Rowing. Oxford v. Cambridge (Pulney to Mortlake). | Cardiff, Towcester, Wetherby, Torquay Steeplechases. |
| Racing. Liverpool. | Tennis. Open Tournament, Hard Courts (Felixstowe). |
| 21st Rackets. Amateur Singles Champ. final (Queen's Club) | 30th Racing. Leicester and Catterick Bridge Meetings. |
| Racing. Nottingham Meeting. | Royal Artillery (Sandown Park) Steeplechases. |
| 22nd Golf. Oxford U. v. Cambridge U. (Lytham and St. Annes). | 31st Racing. Leicester, Catterick Bridge and Proudston Park (Navan) Meetings. |
| Racing. Nottingham. | |
| 23rd Racing. Wye, Melton, Hunt and R.A. Harriers Steeplechases. | |
| 24th Racing. Uttoxeter Steeplechases. | |
| 25th GOOD FRIDAY. | |

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Insight—continued from p. 460

I go back he'll have me put in prison! I'll never, never cheat again—I promise I won't, honestly and truly I do. It was the only way—I had to, I had to! Don't give me away!" And she burst out crying again, very softly and quietly, her head buried in her arms.

Of course, I didn't believe a word of the story, but the situation was not a pleasant one for all that. My little bit of detective work had come off better than I had bargained for. But I was keeping a pretty good hold on myself—a hold that was very much strengthened by my anger at the dirty trick that had been played on Hemingway. I had just about made up my mind that I would take her to the captain there and then and have done with it, when who should appear on the scene but young George, obviously looking for his soul-mate.

"What the—*Althea!*" he said, stopping in his tracks as though he had been shot. "Althea, darling, don't cry, please—please don't cry!" He was quite oblivious of me altogether; he came over and knelt down beside her, taking her hands in his. "Althea, tell me what's the matter—if there's anything I can do."

She looked up at him and smiled—a beautiful, watery smile that would have melted a far more stony and sophisticated heart than his. "No, George, there's nothing you can do," she said. "I've been found out, and it's the end. Oh, I'm a beast, a beast!"

If a look could kill I wouldn't be here now after the one young George gave me then. He wasn't himself at all in that instant—he was almost crazy. "Never mind him," he said; "I can settle with him afterwards. Tell me what it's all about, Althea, darling, and we'll see what can be done."

Well, she went through the whole miserable story all over again, and of course young George believed every word of it. It was pretty nasty medicine, but he took it well. After she had finished he went on stroking her hair for a little while without saying anything, and then he said, "That's all right, Althea; we're none of us saints. Don't worry, old girl, we'll fix this somehow." And then he turned to me again, and this time he was almost his old self.

"Of course, Hemingway must be squared up," he said. "And I'm afraid that unless he knows how the land lies he won't take it. But he's a decent fellow—it won't go any further."

Althea was regarding him now with a sort of wondering look that would have turned any man's head; and that, as well as the moonlight, was already making the case hopeless.

"Althea, darling," young George said, "I'm afraid you must write a note to Hemingway explaining what has happened and giving him back these cheques. I know it isn't easy; but, you see, he's pretty hard up,

too, and it isn't quite playing the game. Don't worry about that beastly Jew in Johannesburg. I want you to let me settle that for you, so that it will be finished with for good and all." And, turning to me again and looking me straight in the eyes, he said, "Just out of decency to me personally, if for no other reason, I want you to promise Althea that you won't do anything whatever to get her into trouble—will you, old chap?"

"Of course, if you want me to be party to a felony," I blustered. . . . But equally, of course, I knew that I would give in, however preposterous the thing might be. I was very fond of young George, I was very sorry for Hemingway—who probably wouldn't have accepted the cash unless Althea had returned it voluntarily—and also, I must admit, I was a little mellowed by the moonlight and—well, by the girl herself. The game was up, and when I had walked off a few minutes later I had given my word, and that was that.

I don't know what she said to young George that evening. He was very quiet, very sad the next morning, and I guessed that in spite of everything the young ass had proposed to her, and that for some unexplained reason he had been mercifully turned down. We came alongside before mid-day, and up to the time we left I hadn't seen Hemingway at all. He and Althea were both staying on the boat until Durban; George was staying in Capetown, and I was catching the train from there to Johannesburg. He and I said good-bye to each other that afternoon, and I shan't forget his face as he stood there on the station watching the train go out. He had had a pretty thin time of things, one way and another.

It was at the Johannesburg races a couple of months later that I suddenly saw Althea again, and to my amazement, strolling beside her in a very smart grey suit and grey hat, was Hemingway. Neither of them saw me, and I didn't particularly want to see them. But a few minutes later the man I was with pointed them out to me.

"See that couple over there—that woman in the green dress?" he said. "Stunner, isn't she? That chap with her is her husband—Charteris, their name is. Pretty hot stuff, I believe—none of the women here will speak to them, but I don't think most of the men are so particular."

"Really!" I said, as indifferently as possible. "I seem to have seen them before, somewhere. Have they been married long?"

"Oh, several years," he said. "They've been living here, off and on, ever since I came. Travel a good deal, though. . . . By Jove, there's a filly! What about coming across to the paddock?" . . .

No, I never told young George. What would have been the use? Might as well let a youngster keep his illusions as long as possible.



10 for 6^d
20 for 11½^d

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IN THE QUALITY AND THE QUANTITY THEY GIVE TO SMOKERS.

PLAYER'S

*The Full Value
Cigarette*



N.C.C. 97



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"I take this opportunity of telling you that an old lady nearly 90, the mother of one of my patients, has lived on nothing but Benger's Food for years, and is perfectly wonderful in health."

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Benger's is a complete Food, able to sustain even a strong man, — (it is much prized by vigorous athletes at training time). You prepare Benger's Food always with fresh new milk. Its delicate biscuit flavour is liked by everybody, and Benger's goes splendidly with tea, coffee or chocolate.



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Weddings Abroad.

Mr. George Normington and Miss Melbah Cockle are being married on April 6 in Calcutta; Mr. William Scarth Carlisle Tully and Miss Patience Treby Betts are also being married in Calcutta, and the marriage will take place on April 16; on March 29, Mr. John Francis Paget marries Miss Ann Millicent Blundell at St. John's Cathedral, Brisbane; and in November, Captain Edward Deloraine (Ray) Tims, 5/13th Frontier Force Rifles, and Miss Geraldine Purefoy Fitzgerald are being married at Abbottabad, India.

Marrying Shortly.

On April 2, Mr. Henry James Stuart MacGeagh and Miss Kathleen Sheila Mounsey are being married; on March 26, Mr. Cecil U. De Salis, and Miss Ida de Yong, are to be married at Lancing Parish Church; Mr. Eric S. Mayo and Miss Edith Latilla have fixed April 6 for their wedding at Itchingfield Church; and on the 13th, Mr. Kenneth G. J. C. Knowles and Miss Dorothy H. Swingle are being married very quietly at Cranbrook Parish Church.

Recent Engagements.

Mr. Eric Godfrey Clarke, the eldest son of Mr. William John Clarke, C.B.E., late of the Admiralty, and Mrs. Clarke of Wayside, Brockenhurst, Hampshire, and Miss Blanche Margaret (Daisy) Eagles, the only child of the late General Henry Cecil Eagles, Royal Marine



Janet Jevons

MR. REGINALD ARTHUR HIGNETT
AND MISS MARJORIE MULLOCK

The marriage arranged between Mr. Reginald Arthur Hignett of 29, Egerton Crescent, S.W., and Liverpool, and Miss Marjorie Mullock of Toronto, Canada, is to take place at St. George's Church, Paris, on March 28

Hay Wrightson

On right—
MISS ANN COLLINS

The only daughter of Colonel and Lady Evelyn Collins of Cundall Manor, Helperby, York, whose marriage to Mr. Frederick Arthur Stanley, the eldest son of Brig.-General the Hon. Ferdinand and Mrs. Stanley, takes place on April 6, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Miss Collins is a niece of the Duke of Roxburghe

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Light Infantry, and Mrs. Eagles of Aigle, Roborough, South Devon; Captain Julian Jefferson, Welsh Guards, and Miss Mary Fothergill Harker, the daughter of the late Mr. Henry Harker of Hurlingham Lodge, and Mrs. Minchin of Grange Cottage, Farnham; Mr. Michael Levett, the elder son of Major Berkeley Levett, C.V.O., and Mrs. Berkeley Levett of Cottingham, Sidmouth, and Miss Irene Hewitt, the elder daughter of Captain J. Rowland Hewitt, M.C., and Mrs. Roland Hewitt of Foxhall, Ipswich; Mr. Richard Robinson, the youngest son of the late Mr. Frank Robinson and of Mrs. Robinson of Sevenoaks, and Miss Mamie Wilson McKay Munnis, the daughter of Mr. D. S. Munnis of Stranocum, N. Ireland; Lieutenant John Malcolm Arthur Ennion, Royal Navy, the second son of Major and Mrs. S. J. Ennion of Harlech, Newmarket, and Miss Margaret Susan Britton, the elder daughter of the late Mr. S.

Wesley Britton and Mrs. A. F. Wier of Saltford, Somerset; Mr. James Kenneth Drysdale, the Royal Scots, the son of the late Brevet Lieut.-Colonel William Drysdale, the Royal Scots, and of Mrs. Drysdale of Pittlethie, Fife, and Miss Josephine Mary Skinner, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Skinner of Toutley Hall, Wokingham; Mr. Edmund Cranston Smallwood, the eldest son of Dr. M. E. Smallwood and the late Mrs. M. E. Smallwood of Wheat-hampstead, Herts, and Miss Jane Pison, the second daughter of Mr. P. J. G. Pison, C.M.G., C.I.E., M.C., I.C.S. (retired), and Mrs. Pison, and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Levinge Whately of Ayres End, Harpenden, Herts.



Advice can go to the winds



It's asking a lot too much nowadays to say 'Stop drinking cocktails.' After all it's a troubled and quick moving world and a chap's just got to enjoy himself sometimes. Here's sound advice. Use a good gin which mixes well and blends with the other ingredients. Use Holloway's London Dry . . . double-distilled and crystal clear. It's a conservative spirit even when liberally used . . . always

LOST 28 POUNDS FAT

Reduced Bust 8 Inches—Waist 5 Inches—
Hips 4 Inches—Gained New Energy—
Good Complexion—Read her Letter.

If you are over-stout, what would you give to step on to the weighing machine and watch the pointer come to rest pounds below the weight you were hopelessly resigned to see? Would you be prepared to carry out the simple treatment by which this young lady succeeded in unburdening herself of 28 pounds of unhealthy, unwanted fat?

"I am 24 years of age, height 5 ft. 5½ ins., and a short time ago my weight was two stone above normal. I was listless and without energy. Now, after taking Kruschen Salts regularly, I have lost 28 lbs. in weight, and have much more vitality. Also I have a very good complexion and I do not have face blemishes of any kind. Surely this must be due to my having pure blood, and I attribute the fact to my taking Kruschen Salts. I give my measurements below:—

BEFORE.				AFTER			
Weight—	12 st.	Bust—	42 ins.	Weight—	9 st. 13 lbs.	Bust—	34 ins.
Waist—	31 ins.	Waist—	26 ins.				
Hips—	40 ins.	Hips—	36 ins.				

I made the above reduction in 4 months, during which time I must admit that I did not touch chocolates or sweets of any

description; pastries, potatoes, butter, or sugar. I give a simple day's diet below, which I varied daily. Half-teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water. Breakfast: One poached egg on slice of toast, half a grapefruit, one cup of tea without sugar. Lunch: One slice of toast, one small cottage cheese, celery, 2 oranges. Dinner: One lean lamb chop, liberal amount of cabbage, fruit jelly or stewed fruit. I kept to this kind of diet for 4 months and lost 28 lbs. I honestly think it would not have been possible without the aid of Kruschen Salts."

14th Oct., 1931. (Miss) M.S., Sheffield.

Kruschen helps blood, nerves, glands and body organs to function properly—to throw off each day every particle of fat-forming food refuse. You gain new strength and energy—feel years younger—look better, work better. Why postpone a sure, steady return to normal weight and superb health—start the Kruschen treatment to-day!

Get a 1/9 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist's (lasts four weeks), and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning. Kruschen will give every fat person a joyous surprise.

Table Tells How Much Women and Girls Should Weigh

Ladies: At Your Height and Age This Table Tells What You should Weigh in lbs. in Indoor Clothes and Shoes.

Age	5 ft.	5-1	5-2	5-3	5-4	5-5	5-6	5-7	5-8	5-9
26	118	120	122	125	128	131	135	139	143	147
28	119	121	123	126	130	133	137	141	145	149
30	120	122	124	127	131	134	138	142	146	150
32	121	123	125	128	132	136	140	144	148	152
34	123	125	127	130	134	138	142	146	150	154
36	124	126	128	131	135	139	143	147	151	155
38	125	127	130	133	137	141	145	149	153	157
40	127	129	132	135	138	142	146	150	154	158
42	128	130	133	136	139	143	147	151	155	159
44	130	132	135	138	141	145	149	153	157	161
46	131	133	136	139	142	146	150	154	158	162
48	132	134	137	140	143	147	151	155	159	163
50	133	135	138	141	144	148	152	156	160	164



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. THE QUEEN

YARDLEY *English Complexion* POWDER

Gives to you that added charm which only a face powder of the very finest quality can give.

It accentuates natural beauty and delicate colouring without giving that "powdered" look common to ordinary powders.

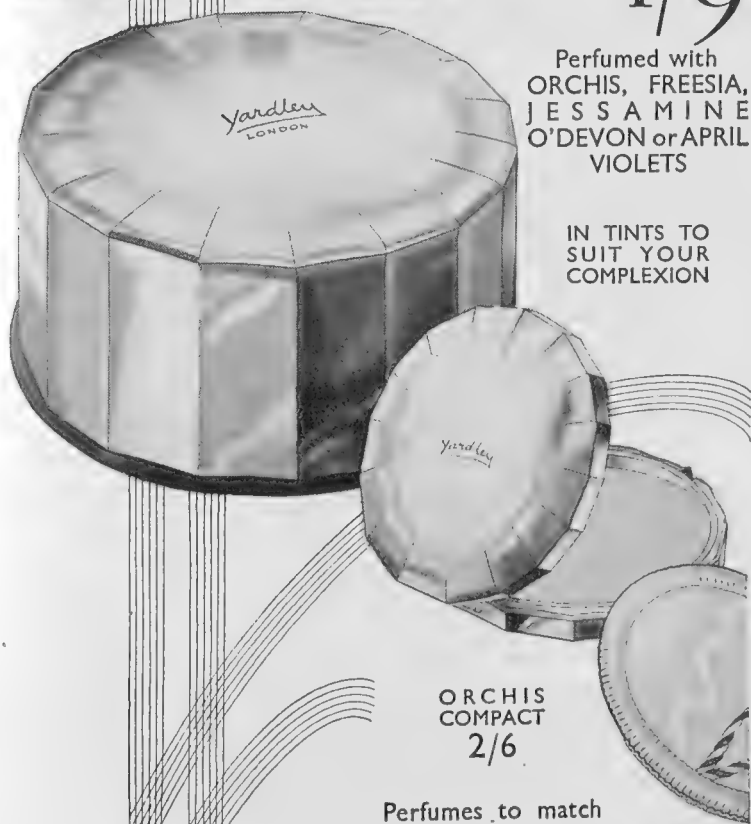
Close-clinging and delicately fragrant, it is an English powder specially suited to that most admirable thing, the English-woman's Complexion.

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*this Liquid Nail Polish
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GOES ON EASILY, DRIES EVENLY—SMOOTHLY

"The newest aid to romance" lovely ladies call this Liquid Polish. For they find that its gleaming lustre makes every gesture of their hands enchanting.

If you'd like to give your own finger-tips this exquisite beauty, follow the method they use . . . Cutex Liquid Polish! It costs very little and is marvellously easy to apply. Cutex Liquid Polish flows on easily in a smooth, even film of crystal brilliance. Dries quickly, free from ripples and ridges. And does not crack, peel or discolour.

Other Cutex Preparations are equally effective and easy to use.

The Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser is a particular favourite among smart women everywhere. For it quickly removes old, lifeless cuticle and also cleanses finger-tips of stains and bits of grime.

Cutex Preparations are sold at toilet goods counters everywhere.

I enclose 6d. in stamps. Please send me a Cutex Introductory Set, containing Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, and Liquid Polish Dept. 2T.1, Northam Warren Ltd., 211 Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1.

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Address

CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

and other Manicure essentials

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

I was looking through one of the catalogues of our earliest shows and wondering how one ran a successful show with no Cockers, no Labradors, no Alsatians, and no Cairns, when my eye was caught by the advertisement of a "Kennel Coat," with tight waist, immense sleeves, very full skirt, modestly hiding the feet and touching the ground all round. I reflected on the days when arrayed in this, clutching our voluminous skirts in one hand and holding our dogs in the other, disregarding the disapproving glances of our relatives (the most charitable thought us mad), we started for our first shows, the pioneers of the present army of women exhibitors. It was all great fun, and there was a tang about it unknown to the resent generation, to whom nothing is forbidden.

It is always pleasant to breed your winner, still pleasanter when you have bred the winner's mother as well, and when two of the family are winners. This has happened to Lady Kathleen Pilkington with her two good French bulldogs, Chevet Tinker and Chevet Sumdge. Lady Kathleen bred their mother, Chevet Odette, and the pups are by the late Ch. Quarly Juggoo. They made their debut at our Open Show last year, Tinker taking first in puppy dogs and Sumdge second in puppy bitches.

CHEVET SUMDGE

The property of Lady Kathleen Pilkington

At Windsor Sumdge won first in puppy, junior and minor limit, and was second in Open and Reserve for the certificate. At the London Bulldog Society's Show she went through all her classes and annexed the certificate. Truly a good record, as she is not two years old. Lady Kathleen sends



a picture of Chevet Sumdge. Lady Kathleen has never wavered in her affection for the French bulldog. She has some youngsters of the best breeding for sale now. The French bulldog is a delightful dog, a born house-dog and companion, highly civilized, he enjoys town life and is not an "exercise fiend," ordinary exercise is quite enough for him; no one need have any qualms about keeping him in a town; in addition he is one of the most human of dogs.

The yellow Labrador is advancing in favour. At some shows there are more yellows than blacks. He is an attractive, handsome dog, with the Labrador charm of character. Miss Brodrick, so well known as the breeder of good blacks, has a litter of yellow Labrador pups for sale, and sends a picture of them. The sire is a show dog and a good worker, and the dam a well bred one. They are nine weeks old, strong and healthy, and ready to go—just at the right age to start a new life, and, Miss Brodrick says, will be good ones.



YELLOW LABRADORS

The property of Miss Brodrick

Like all large kennels, she has some youngsters to sell at present—all ages and prices. This is, of course, the time of year to start a dog, and no one has ever yet regretted starting a Cairn.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



CAIRN TERRIERS

The property of Miss Reoch



WHITBY ABBEY
6th CENTURY



Just as good
with water
as with soda.

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"Antiquary"

The First Old Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY

"ANTIQUARY" was the FIRST liqueur Whisky and it still holds first place in the opinion of connoisseurs. It has a rare, mellow flavour and delightful bouquet. A glass of "ANTIQUARY" relieves fatigue, aids digestion and is a wonderful stimulant.

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Home Whisky

Supplied only
in Quarts and
Magnums

Sold everywhere at home and abroad. If any difficulty in obtaining supplies, please write—sole Proprietors, J. & W. Hardie, Scotland.

THE FOLLY of HARSH LAXATIVES

— and the remedy —
by a physician

It is strikingly true that drastic methods of treatment—rarely needed—are vastly inferior to gently-persuasive methods which place no strain upon bodily organs, nor cause functional upheaval.

The great majority of people almost always fail to apply those facts to their own needs when suffering from that commonest complaint of all, Constipation. Strangely enough, drastic treatment for day-to-day relief seems to be their practice: and here lies trouble, real disappointment, a tired intestine, and finally a species of drug-habit! In non-medical language, harsh laxatives are as whip strokes of ever-increasing force to a tired horse. Harsh laxatives (and most laxatives are harsh) anger the bowel, and call for ever-larger doses; and that is the wrong way to seek relief. The right way is rather by decreasing doses. The tired bowel must have a rest until it recovers its normal tone, function and regular activity.

The M-O Method
What is M-O., the gently-

persuasive Laxative?

M-O—or to give it its full name—Magnesia - Oil (Musterole Brand) is not a whip. M-O acts upon the intestinal contents by conserving local moisture, destroying constipation - producing toxins, and lubricating the mucous membrane. And M-O is so simple in its composition (it is 100 per cent. therapeutically pure Magnesia and Liquid Paraffin)—that is why physicians welcome it so cordially. It does not contain anything to cause systemic upset such as nausea, griping, loss of appetite, etc.

But the essential feature of its great success is: both the Magnesia and Oil are in a state of super sub-division never before attained. This beneficent activity is secured to the patient by specifying the full name (which prescribing physicians always do) viz. —Magnesia - Oil (Musterole Brand).

Obtainable from all Chemists. Price 2/9 and 5/-. Sole Distributors: Thos. Christy & Co., 4/12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

we've all gone crazy over CORDUROY



333



444



666



777

Don't be out of it this Easter! Come to Nicolls and snap up some of these fascinating corduroys. You'll be the smartest thing on the English over-côte d'azur!

» They've devastated America like a theme-song. You'll fall in love with them at sight. They're a real discovery in chic — as much at home at the Embassy as at Widdecombe Fair!

» Our Coat Department gives us this little chromium-buttoned corduroy suit 333. In black and lovely dark blues, greens and browns, it costs a mere £5.5.0. The half-belted military coat 444, to match, is the same price.

» Our Sports Department shows this boyish double-breasted corduroy waistcoat 666, in white, red and other colours, price 2 gns. With a matelot cap to match at 15/11. Also this smartest and newest of corduroy sports suit 777 — the skirt gored for slimness — the coat cut for freedom, smartly belted with chain-mail. Made in an exciting choice of colours — all for 7 gns.

» And from our lively 3 Guinea Department comes this jolly little chauffeur jacket 999, fastened with big flat silver studs — again in rich dark shades that show up the sooty sheen of the stuff.

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999

Easter Charity Appeals

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, appeal for three elderly ladies, aged seventy, fifty-five, and fifty-four respectively, who are trying to live in one of our South Coast towns on £1 a week between them, this being a pension from a beneficent Society. They have gone through great troubles and hardships during their lives, for they were brought up in the old-fashioned way and were never trained to earn a living. At their parents' death they found themselves absolutely penniless. The youngest has always been very delicate, and lately has had to undergo a severe operation and will never be able to do very much. The eldest is now just eligible for her old age pension, and when she begins to receive this their position will be a little easier, but we want to help them with £6 to start them off clear of a debt incurred during the youngest sister's illness.

Wanted—Easter eggs. The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship are finding it very difficult to secure the funds so necessary to keep going their work of giving a home and education to their very large family of 1,100 boys and girls. Will readers of THE TATLER who have a love for children send a gift for Easter. Money is badly wanted, but Easter gifts in any shape or form will be greatly welcomed. Please send gifts to General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

We do not apologise for drawing attention to one of the most painful and tragic aspects of life at a season when we should all prefer to think only of pleasant things. There is no reason why the Easter festival should be made gloomy by dwelling on pain and suffering; but, if we wish to be free from these shadows we must certainly make sure that we have done something to disperse them. Cancer is a painful thing to think of; but the Cancer Hospital is a cheering thing. There will be an extra and a special glow of Easter happiness, we imagine, in the heart of any man or woman who has made some little sacrifice to assist that institution in its work of healing. The hospital has a splendid record, not only of devoted healing and nursing work, but in the vitally important service of cancer research. It has extensive (and expensive) plans for making radium treatment available to the poorest; and we heartily commend to our readers' generosity the appeal now being made towards the £70,000 needed to pay off the cost of the new wing. No cause is more urgent or more deserving. Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, S.W.



AT THE SAPPERS POINT-TO-POINT:
LIEUT.-COLONEL AND LADY
VICTORIA VILLIERS

The R.E. Point-to-Point was run at Arborfield, near Reading, last week, and was a well-managed show. Lieut.-Colonel Charles Villiers used to be in the Blues, and Lady Victoria Villiers is a sister of the Duke of Roxburghe

Notes from Here and There

London, with the passing of years, has changed to a vast extent both in appearance and mode of life, but in some respects she remains true to ancient traditions. One of these links with the past is the nightly-performed Ceremony of the Keys, the stately rite associated with the locking-up of the Tower of London. Much of the pageantry of the capital is for all to see, but the formal closing of the grim fortress on the Thames is not for the public eye, and "His Master's Voice" has achieved a real service in making a gramophone record of the historic event so that people may be familiar with the details of this unique military duty. The Ceremony of the Keys takes place each evening at 10 o'clock. The chief warder with the large bunch of keys approaches the main guard of the regiment in garrison, and is joined by an escort of one non-commissioned officer and four men which the officer of the guard supplies. With fixed bayonets the men march with the chief warder to the outer barrier, a second warder joining en route to assist in shutting the massive gates. During the process of locking-up, the escort presents arms and the party marches back to the Middle Tower, then across the moat bridge to the Byward Tower, and eventually reaches the Traitors' Gate, turning under the deep arch beneath the Bloody Tower. The sentry on the main guard lowers his bayonet to the "ready" and challenges, "Halt! Who goes there?" The chief warder replies, "The Keys." "Whose keys?" demands the sentry, to which the chief warder cries "King George's Keys," and receives the order, "Pass, King George's Keys! All's well." The escort advances to the main guard, and when both escort and guard have presented arms the chief warder, in a reverent voice, pronounces "God preserve King George," to which all respond "Amen," and the keys are handed to the Constable of the Tower.

London's newest amusement sensation is "Revuedeville" at the Windmill Theatre, and among the attractions of this week's programme are The Gotham Three, Katie Victor and the Windmill Girls, Eric Fawcett, and John Tilley in "Another Argument," The Moxham Brothers (described as "Two Boys on Wheels"), Laurel Mather, Pamela du Calion, Sid Howard, and Kenneth Birrell and Jenny Dean. As an extra there is a short one-act play entitled "The Blue Monkey," the action of which takes place in Limehouse. Henry Bekker, the Hoboes (eccentric tramps), and the Dolly Twins and Brian complete an excellent programme.

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The illustration is of the new wing of The Cancer Hospital, built at a cost of approximately £150,000. It comprises a new Radiological Department and accommodation—now provided for the first time—for Patients who can contribute towards their cost.



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The Cancer Hospital, which was founded so far back as 1851, is the first special Hospital in London for Cancer, and indeed for many years it was the only Hospital in London which existed solely for the treatment of Cancer and to research into its causes and possible cure. The Hospital is staffed by eminent specialists in both branches of its work. All known treatments are carried out with

the aid of the very latest appliances and the Hospital has to its credit a long and honourable record of successful work. In addition to the accommodation for operable cases in the early stages of the disease, a certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases who are kept comfortable and free from pain. Please send a special Easter Gift to the Secretary.

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Also with square neck in reliable washing satin beauté with dainty narrow lace trimming in the same colourings. **29/6**

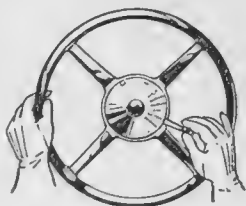
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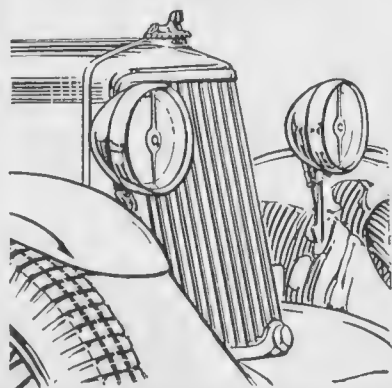
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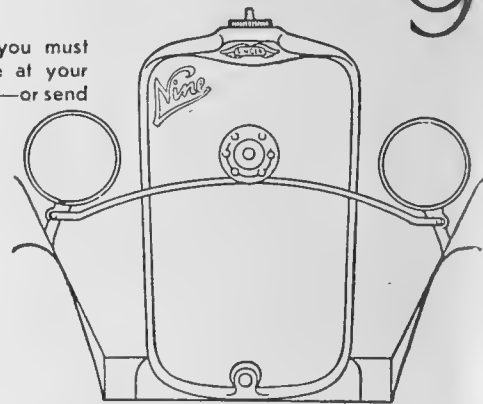
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"THE TATLER" MOTOR SECTION

SPRING TOURING

By W. G. ASTON



SPRINGTIME IN SOMERSET

A Ford Sunshine Saloon in a secluded by-way in the pretty Somerset village of Blagdon

THE Royal Automobile Club has lately shown itself to be, of all institutions, the most human, inasmuch as it organized its now first classic rally at precisely the right season. No wonder its proposition received a record amount of support, for is it not a demonstrable fact that at this time of year our fancies, if otherwise disengaged, do lightly turn to thoughts of motoring? Why, only the other day I met a parsimonious and elderly gentleman, who had laid his little car up for the winter months (thus, so far as I could see, gaining no advantage whatsoever), and he admitted that, having done to it a trifle of titivation so as to get it all fit and fine for Easter, he had not been able to resist the temptation to give it, all unlicensed as it was (and I would not be at all surprised if it were uninsured into the bargain), a gay little preliminary run on the road.

Of course, I submitted him to a most vigorous castigation, leaving his moral principles looking like discarded tickets on the floor of a 'bus, because, for once in a way I could be the superior person. No doubt had I ever been submitted to the same temptation I should have yielded to it, and, therefore, I had no end of sympathy for the miscreant, but the fact is that I have never been quite such a fool—though Heaven knows I have gone pretty far in other directions of folly—as to stow my car away for the "back-end," just when its time-saving advantages are at their very highest. Why otherwise sensible people practise this futile form of futile economy I never could see; but they do because, I suppose, they have read in some parish magazine that it is a good thing. And they easily forget what a lot they squander in taxi-fares.

However, that isn't the point. What I loved about this hard-bitten old fellow was that he had the right instincts. By which you will understand that he had much the same instincts as I had myself. Cynics may try and assure you that the reason you want to go motoring at this time of year is (a) because, living in the country you have a garden which it is highly necessary for you to attend to, and the excuse of a little run is the best you can do by way of evading your responsibilities, or (b) living in town and having no garden, you obtain great pleasure from watching people in the country slaving in their's. There is probably a good deal of truth underlying this theory, for, as you

may have noticed, most of the best people do try to get away from their gardens just when they are paying a copious dividend of bloom. No, that even doesn't account for so many of us wanting to dash off somewhere in motor-cars just at this time of year, as to which there cannot be any doubt remaining now that the R.A.C. have, as I say, publicly recognised it.

There was a school of thought, in which I confess I at one time profoundly believed, which held that the so-called "motoring season" opened in Spring, because what with the budding and the burgeoning and the blooming and the blossoming that were going on, the countryside at this time was singularly delectable to the eye. But I now have several substantial reasons for suggesting that this is all poppy-cock. I have not actually counted them, but I will swear that quite 50 per cent. of the folk who now have the itch to drive or ride in motor-cars hardly look at the country-side at all. They can see the burgeoning, blooming, etc., for nothing—and that is what they think it is worth. Why, not long ago I took some lovers of beauty over the Hindhead, in one of those

steely bright winter mornings that come so seldom in these islands, and the only thing that really engaged their attention was a couple "carrying on" in the back seat of a motor-coach. Positively they didn't realise that, if it had not been for the Downs in between, they could have seen to the south the roof of the sacred Metropole at Brighton, and something or other equally enthralling—I forget exactly what—to the north.

And another reason is that the real lover of landscape scenery knows perfectly well that the best time to "take it in" is during the winter, when a great deal more of it is visible than when the leaves are on the hedges. The acute observer, try as he will, can in Spring and summer see only noble entrance gates and mysterious carriage drives; whereas in winter he may get more than a glimpse of some noble mansion, which, if its windows be not blinded, is now almost

(Continued overleaf)



A STANDARD 1932 BIG NINE SALOON

Crossing a ford somewhere in this so little-known island of ours, which, incidentally, Mr. S. P. B. Mais is doing much good work in discovering for us



A HUMBER SNIPE IN SURREY

Just outside London's gates is one of the most beautiful counties in all England (Surrey), and this picture may fire some more people to start on a voyage of discovery of its many attractions



A SINGER JUNIOR FOUR-DOOR SALOON

Waiting at the door of the owner's charming country retreat to whisk her off to the station. This handy and handsome little car costs only £150 all complete

authority that one reason why people went motoring in the Spring—taking the season by the calendar and not worrying about other conditions—was that they were now getting their swanky new cars which, having been ordered at the November Olympia (as it was in those days), had now become available for delivery. That cock may have been game enough in its far-distant era but it will not fight to much purpose now. Why, dash it all, a man wrote to me just before Christmas last wondering what the market value of his 1932 This-and-That was, it being “only four months old.” No, you can scarcely say that there is a fixed new-car season nowadays however much there may have been one in the brave old days.

Well, where does the urge to be moving come from; this urge that afflicts—no, that is not the right word—both young and old? It has surely got hold of me all right, for I have already dug out several road maps and have indulged myself in the prospective delights of a well-planned tour. A rally on my own account, may I call it, with no fixed route, no hard and fast destination, no arbitrary stopping places, and not even the next meal to worry about, for I take jolly good care to carry it with me.

I am probably amongst the seven most unmethodical persons in these islands and yet I am grimly exact about two things—the correct packing of a luncheon basket (with all that that implies) and the working out of an itinerary, all complete with towns and times, that I shall most certainly discard inside the first fifty miles or so, and shall even probably leave behind when I set off. But you are to note that this is an extremely cunning arrangement, since I get two complete motor tours for the price of one. And the pleasures of retrospect are every bit as charming as those of anticipation. The other night I nearly got into trouble with Mrs. P. V. for sitting up late over a big-scale ordnance map covering some Welsh wildernesses that we had explored together several years ago. And that was rather comic, too, for we had seriously intended to take a very westerly route, through the Lake District, to the Highlands of Scotland, but the fact is we never got more than about half-a-day's journey away from home—and we never regretted the utter ruination of our carefully considered plans. Oh, yes, but I did just a teeny bit. When called upon so to do I failed to produce

certain to be a Home for Partially Paralyzed Dipso-maniacs, and will consequently help to make him intensely proud of his native land.

Formerly I was assured by some in

my driving licence, but the policeman was a nice fellow and only mildly warned me about my delinquency. So I thought that in future I had better be on the safe side, so I wired home to have it sent to the Lakeland hotel where we had made up our minds to be two days ahead. And, of course, the licence securely went there, where they had never even heard of us, and the very next day another policeman—who was not nearly so nice, absolutely insisted on seeing my licence; and getting it anywhere within the limit of twenty-four hours became rather an intricate problem. And it was all a waste of money and effort—telegrams blowing about like beech-leaves in November—because, you see, the licence they dutifully sent off from home was an old one that I had left in the collar-drawer of my dressing-table, and not

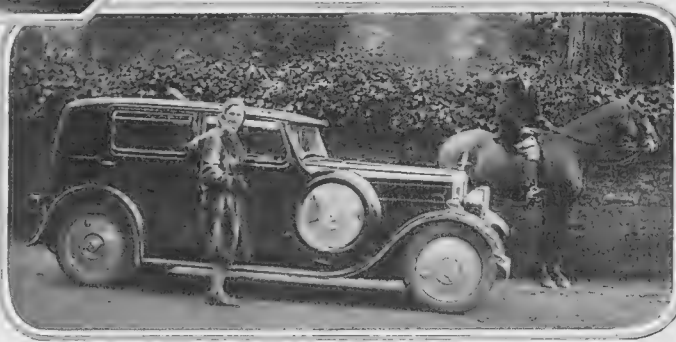
the current one that was lying all the time, as snug as a baby in its cot, in my tie-drawer. But it all came out quite O.K. in the end.

Which reminds me that before you start off on this Spring tour that you have been contemplating, you really ought to find your licence, and if you haven't already done so you should most heartily endorse it with your signature, for some chance may take you into a county where (in spite of the Vernal Influence) the locals are interested in these documents—and the age of petty persecution is, alas, not passed.

Having now read and carefully committed to memory the above instructions, which constitute the whole Art and

Mystery of motor-touring you can now, with confidence, set out upon that private rally, as to which I hope you already have, like myself, drawn up the strictest Regulations. These should include the fundamental principle of (i) going off in any direction for one hundred miles, (ii) taking then the first turning to the left, and (iii) taking the next successive turnings to the left *ad infinitum*. That is the way, *par excellence*, to see the country. As a variation, taking right and left alternately may be recommended. In short, anything that will get you away from these intolerable main roads. Off the beaten track for me every time, and for you also if you are wise. To stick to the

tarmac in a car is just about as anathema to some motorists of vision as it is to all excepting very brave fox-hunters.



MR. REGINALD BROWN AND HIS "SILVER EAGLE"

Mr. Reginald Brown of Hereford is the well-known race-horse owner—Miniver and Saleve amongst others. “The Silver Eagle” Atlantic Saloon is the latest addition to the Alvis “stable”



A HILLMAN VORTIC IN SURREY

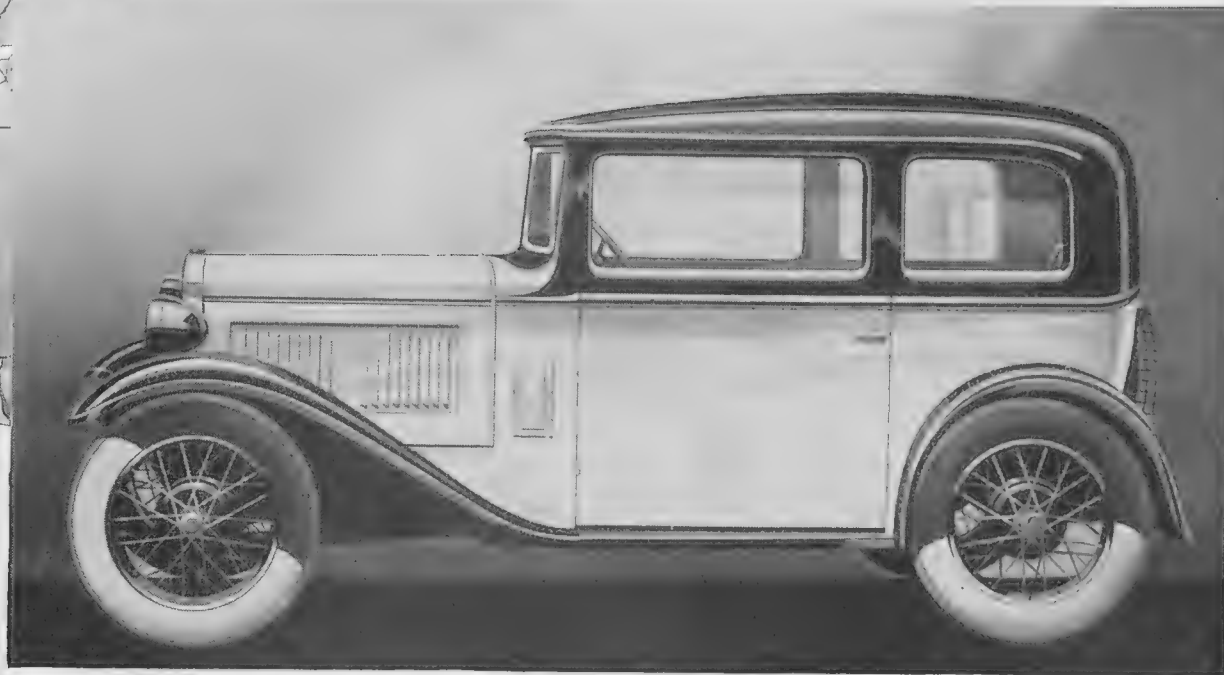
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This Crossley “Ten” Sports Touring Car has been bought by H.H. the Sultan of Zanzibar from Messrs. Shrimptons Motors, Ltd., of Berkeley Street

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On the grounds of economy alone, in the saving on running costs, the Seven as a second car for the family merits careful consideration. For it costs less than 1½d. a mile to run inclusive of petrol, oil, tyres, tax, insurance and maintenance charges. Yet though it costs so little, it is built painstakingly for years of service—a giant-hearted car... like every Austin an *outstandingly dependable* car.

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1 in 4 "Well, a Seven as a second car for the family would simplify matters—you'd find it awfully useful. And the job costs only £128. ... H'm, that supplies one of the reasons why every **FOURTH** new car registered in Great Britain during the last trading year ending July 31, 1931, was an Austin."



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LONDON TO BUDAPEST IN A "BABY"

DOVER Harbour on a sunny morning in October, and the beginning of our adventure!

One by one the great cars are swung up by the crane, Rolls, Packards, Daimlers, and now our "Baby Austin." We watch it with agitation, feeling it must slip into the sea, but no! it is safely shipped, amid the laughter of the watching crowd and the witticisms of the crew.

Under the fatherly guidance of the A.A. all formalities of landing the car at Calais were quickly gone through, and Mary and I were soon on the road to Bruges, the first stopping place on our trek across Europe. Bruges impressed us very much on arrival, but, after a few hours, during which the carillon played



THE WRITER'S "BABY AUSTIN" HOMEWARD BOUND

The interesting Continental tour in a "Baby Austin" which is described in this article makes very good reading, and probably will entice some other "Baby" owners to go and do likewise

By
ETHEL HAMPTON

the women were filling with tiny green grapes. That night we spent at Mainz, which is a town of little interest to the tourist, and we were on the road again early next morning. The first part of our journey lay through manufacturing and agricultural country, and it was not till we had passed Frankfurt that the scenery became attractive again. We followed the valley of the Maine and then climbed the plateau to the River Tauber, passing through the walled villages with their imposing gateways, till we came to Rothenburg.

Rothenburg is one of the most delightful memories of our trip; situated on the edge of a high plateau, the River Tauber winding below, it is surrounded by a high wall; we entered by one of the gateways, and, descending the narrow cobbled street, seemed to have been transported into the Middle Ages. We had meant only to stop for tea and a little sight-seeing, but both agreed that we must stay the night. After a rich but extremely good tea, we left our suit-cases at the Hotel Eisenhut and set out to explore the town. We were spell-bound by the beauties that we found, each building seeming more perfect than the last, and every little house a pure mediæval gem; not one modern building had found its way within the ramparts.

Very reluctantly we left next day, and, as we wanted to get to Prague before dark, did not spend as much time in Nuremberg as we should have liked. All went well until we got to the Czecho-Slovakian frontier, where the road became indescribably bad and the car started to make an ominous noise. With the hypercritical faculties of the person not at the wheel, I decided that Mary was "doing something"! I asked her rather acidly what the noise was, and she replied that she had been wondering that for some time. We both belong to the school of motorists who do not believe in meeting trouble half-way by looking at the engine until it actually breaks down, so we made up our minds to try and get on to Pilsen, the next big town on our route.

Here we tried to find a repairing garage; this was difficult, firstly, because neither of us spoke German, and secondly, because it was Sunday and all the garages were closed. At last we found one, and with the aid of dictionary and phrase book demanded a mechanic. So far so good. But how to explain what was wrong? We got over this by taking him for a drive, hoping he would recognize the sound, but he refused to take it seriously and kept saying "Das ist gut," to which we could only reply "Das ist nicht gut."

By this time we had a strong suspicion that the trouble lay in the back axle, so we demanded that oil should be put in; this the mechanic did not wish to do as it was Sunday, and, with the help of the crowd, which by this time had gathered, proceeded

(Continued on p. xxvi)



ONE OF THE FOUR BRIDGES OVER THE DANUBE AT PRAGUE

every ten minutes, and all the clocks chimed the quarters at great length, we decided to leave early next morning. Nine o'clock found us in the car again, and, leaving by the Porte St. Croix, where we were held up for some time by the laden barges passing down the picturesque canal, took the road for Brussels. Here we were thankful to leave the cobblestones, which for miles had shaken us to pieces, but our joy was short-lived as the pot-holes from there to Liège were almost as bad.

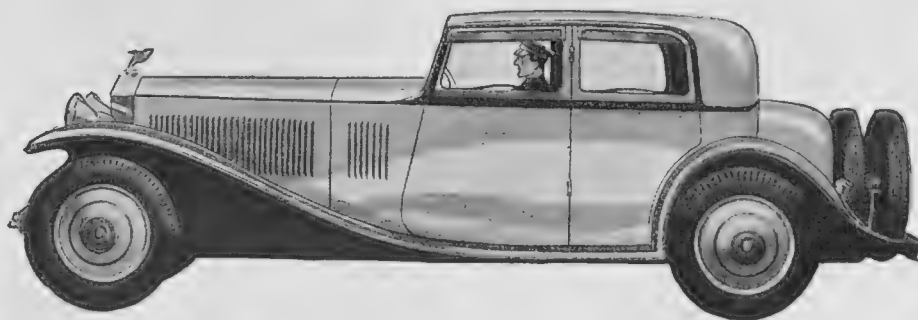
We arrived at Locheimergraben, the German frontier, too late to be passed through the customs, so we stayed at a clean, but rather primitive chalet, that boasted the name of "The Pension Buffalo Bill"; the only other guest was very interested in our destination, and when we told her Budapest, she expressed great consternation, and asked if we carried revolvers! However, in spite of being unarmed we set out boldly next morning, delighted to leave behind the bad roads and dull scenery of Belgium.

Our first impression of Germany more than came up to expectation, and our road, as we crossed the Eifel Mountains, was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen; picturesque little villages nestling in the valleys, and the hill-tops ablaze with golden beech trees. At Coblenz our route followed the valley of the Rhine, which we found disappointing; vine-clad hills and mediæval castles sound very romantic, but actually it compares very unfavourably with the Thames. It was interesting, however, as the harvest was in full swing, and the road lined with bullock carts containing huge barrels waiting to receive the baskets which



PRAGUE CASTLE AND THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. VITUS

Amongst other obvious attractions of the beautiful cathedral of St. Vitus at Prague is the fact that it contains the tomb of the martyred good King Wenceslas. The old city founded in the twelfth century has been in many wars, and during the Thirty Years' War capitulated to Frederick the Great in 1757



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RALLYING ROUND

By W. G. ASTON

THE great Royal Automobile Club Rally of 1932, the first big-scale event of its kind to be held in these hitherto speed-limit-ridden islands, has come and gone, to prove once more that nothing succeeds like success, for scarcely had the last event been decided before official and potential entrants were busily discussing the probabilities of next year's competition. As one had predicted, the R.A.C. carried out its organization, which was, by the way, a pretty big thing in itself, with faultless precision and to the admiration of all concerned. The club is to be heartily congratulated upon its attainment of a strikingly high standard of general satisfaction. Everything, from first to last, went "according to Cocker"—even the weather. And apart from the fact that the fixture afforded a tremendous amount of fun to those who took part in it, it has furnished a quite unexpectedly large amount of information of real technical value.

Not until more time has elapsed will one be able to get a proper perspective upon the far-reaching results of this classic rally, together with all the "records" which were set up in connection therewith. The daily newspapers had no difficulty in making it out to be a great British triumph, as indeed it was, but regard must be had to the fact that there were singularly few competitors driving foreign cars. As a fact only one got a place inside the first fifteen of the over-1,100 c.c. class, and there were none at all within the light-car category. But we must not be too superior, for the American that got tenth place in the former headed the list of cars with what may be called "normal" transmission systems.

Without question the key-note of this rally was the board-sweeping performance of cars fitted with fluid fly-wheels or contrivances of a similar nature dedicated to the same end. Many had correctly and confidently predicted that this must be so. Some had even gone so far as to suggest that the "new idea" enjoyed much too great an advantage. That is as maybe, but no one can deny that new ideas deserve encouragement. Let us bear in mind that not a few inventors



LIEUT.-COLONEL A. H. LOUGHBOROUGH AND HIS LANCHESTER WINNER IN THE R.A.C. RALLY

Lieut.-Colonel Loughborough's Lanchester was a competitor in the 1,000 miles R.A.C. Motor Rally which terminated at Torquay, and won a first in the Group d'Elégance and Coachwork Competition after the Rally



KATHLEEN LADY DROGHEDA AT THE R.A.C. MOTOR RALLY

Snapshoted giving a final polish to her S.S.1 car just before the d'Elégance and Coachwork Competition after the R.A.C. Rally, which ended at Torquay. This competition was held in the Torbay Road and the King's Drive, Torquay



A GROUP AT THE TORQUAY R.A.C. RALLY

The names, left to right, are: Miss Dulcie Bickford, Major D. J. Gordon Dickson, Captain C. D. Siddeley, Mrs. W. G. McMinnies, Mrs. C. D. Siddeley

AT THE TORQUAY MOTOR RALLY

A group of Armstrong-Siddeley cars just after the finish of the 1,000-mile run. One started from each of the nine points, and all arrived punctually without any incident. Eight awards were secured by Armstrong-Siddeley cars during the rally

have had to languish in attics (this is writ metaphorically) until the occasion arose when their notions could be usefully exploited. It may very well be, then, that so easy going a thing as a rally may, so far as automobile design development is concerned, prove of much more practical value than any modern racing event.

Naturally enough the reliability of the car was never seriously in question. Much higher average speeds than the necessary 25 m.p.h. and 23 m.p.h. of the two classes could easily have been done, indeed, a great many of us habitually do them, and more still even allowing for stops. But the atmosphere of competition is favourable to the showing forth of personal weaknesses. These last, no doubt, accounted for the vast majority of the twenty-nine retirements. Long John Silver's immortal remarks about the undesirability of "hurry" apply to the twenty-three who got penalized for arriving too early at their "checks." They at least cannot complain—as many did—about the difficulty of finding their way through big towns both by day and night. Clearly, some of the drivers were disappointed to find that their route was not marked by legions of boy scouts standing rigidly to attention, with broomsticks all complete. Clearly, more still did not know that the Dunlop book gives them all the information they could possibly want, and almost dispenses with the use of the tongue. But, in any case, I think most of us will agree that in such a thing as a rally it is not too much to expect that a driver shall have the faculty of finding his way. So much so, indeed, that perhaps it would not be a bad plan if in future events he had to go round a city, via the by-lanes, rather than through it.

And then, of course, there were lots of drivers, to say nothing of passengers, who arrived at Torquay visibly in need of sleep and other modes of refreshment. Sympathy, however, was wasted upon these wights, for others, who had laid their plans with more practical knowledge, and, what is even more to the point, stuck to them, managed to get large doses of "doss" and ample meal-times. But, after all, it comes out all square in the end, for those that fought against the glueing up of eyelids will henceforth have a fine tale to tell of their strenuousness—which is a very pleasant part of the game.

(Continued on p. xxviii)

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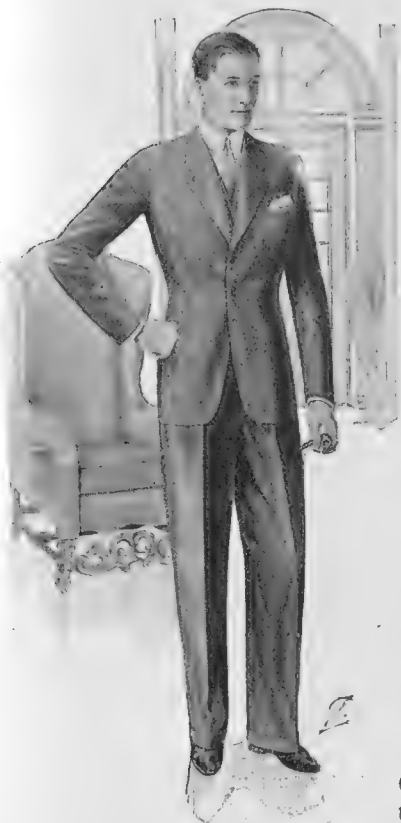
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LONDON TO BUDAPEST IN A "BABY"

(Continued from p. xxii)

to act a complete pantomime. Finally, the entire company pillowed their heads on their hands and feigned sleep, by which we were meant to understand that we must stay the night in Pilsen. This we thought it better to ignore, and eventually the job was done. We all shook hands, and, followed by the cheers of the crowd and the cries of the mechanic shouting "Brrr, Brrr, Brrr, das ist nicht," we left Pilsen, still making the sinister noise.

We soon covered the fifty-five miles to Prague, as the road was good, but we arrived in the dark and had a little difficulty in finding our hotel. The car had an enormous success. Every time we stopped a crowd collected round us; they had never seen such a small car, and could not believe it had come all the way from England. The police were very kind and helpful, and we eventually found the Hotel Steiner, where, to our relief, everyone spoke English. The next day we took the car to a garage, where there was a Russian mechanic who spoke French. The trouble was as we thought; the back axle in which our hitherto faithful garage in England had omitted to put any oil; however, our Russian friend assured us that he could make a good job of it, as indeed he did, and in a few days we were ready for the road again.

There is a great deal of interest to the sight-seer in Prague, the Palace or Hrad, the Ghetto, the old town, the Cathedral of St. Vitus, which contains the tomb of Good King Wenceslas, the Rathaus, outside of which the Thirty Years War began, and the amusing astronomical clock with the Twelve Apostles.

Regretfully we left Prague, and our comfortable hotel where everyone was so kind to us, but Vienna, the romantic city, lay before us. The daylight had just faded as we crossed the Danube, and we could see only a dim outline of its beauties; we found our hotel, a modest but comfortable one, not far from the celebrated Ring. There is so much to say of this fascinating city, that any description must be inadequate. The beautiful Ringstrasse, with its avenues of trees

and classic buildings grouped round it: the Opera, University, the Hofburg, one of the Imperial Palaces, and the Cathedral of St. Stephan, a fine example of Gothic architecture.

There is an air of sadness about Vienna as though she were mourning her lost glories, and Schönbrunn made us particularly sad, we felt like trespassers as we joined the party of sight-seers being shown over the stately palace, once the home of the Emperors of Austria. Sunday morning we found our way to one of the galleries of the Spanish Riding School founded by Maria Theresa. Here again we seemed to be haunted by the past, and almost expected to see that great lady sweep into the royal box followed by her court. The cream-coloured horses with their riders clad in the uniforms of her day entered to a fanfare of trumpets and gave a wonderful display of *haute école* at its best.

Our crowded week was over all too soon, and we set out on the last stage of our journey; the run to Budapest was a delightful one, and the beauty of the Danube amply compensated us for the disappointment of the Rhine.

Budapest is divided by the river Danube, and connected by four magnificent bridges, and is probably one of the most beautiful capitals in Europe. The buildings are all comparatively modern, the most interesting that we visited was the Houses of Parliament. Our guide explained the constituent of the Government, which is the same as ours, but we were glad to learn that they always have a large Conservative majority. He proudly showed us the House of Lords, which he affirmed was very like the one in England, and indeed the only difference we noticed, but did not draw his attention to, was the row of spittoons round the wall!

There is a wonderful air of gaiety in this city, the exhilarating rhythm of its Tsigane bands, its brilliant cabarets, and beautiful girls, all combine to make a night in Budapest an unforgettable memory. Our holiday was now over, and we set off for home. The car had behaved splendidly and proved itself equal to the worst of roads, even a snow-storm on the return journey had no terrors for it; as for Mary and me, we felt triumphant, as we had realized a great ambition.



ROTHENBURG ON THE TAUBER

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FOR centuries well-dressed men all over the world have made a religion of "West-End" tailoring. And there is no doubt that West-End style, cut, material and attention to detail still retain that unrivalled reputation. The same used to be said about "West-End" prices! But to-day, Bernard Weatherill, while fulfilling every canon of "West-End" tailoring tradition, defies all precedent in the matter of price. His Lounge Suits, for which you would have to pay 12 and 14 guineas elsewhere, are tailored for 9 guineas!



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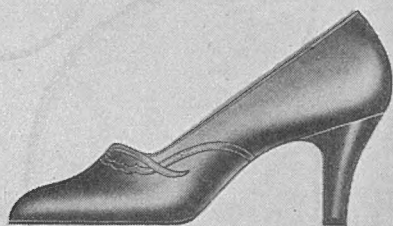
for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

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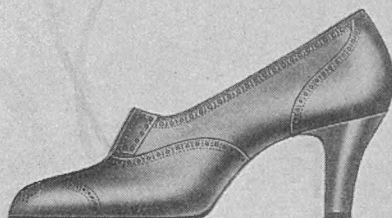
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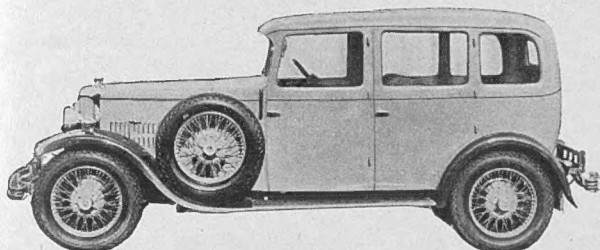
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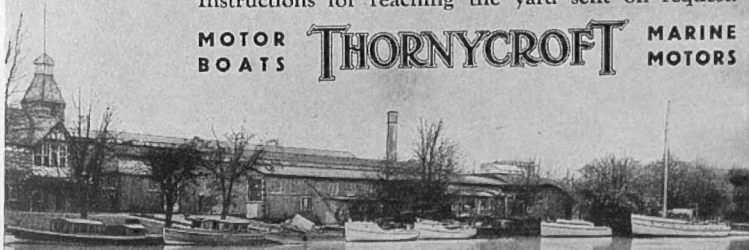
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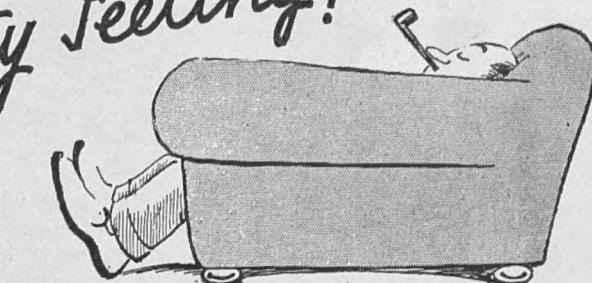
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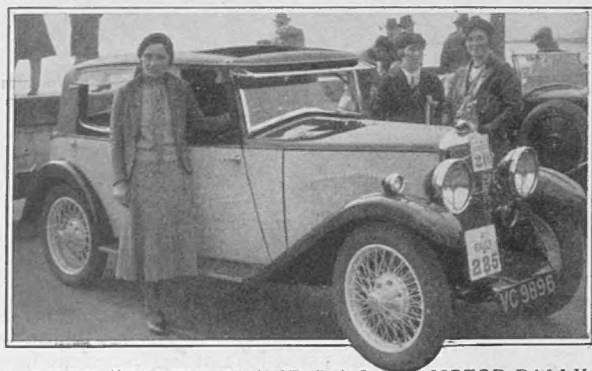
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RALLYING ROUND—continued from p. xxiv

The crucial part of the rally, that slow running-on-top, acceleration, and braking test, very naturally caused a good deal of comment and criticism. Alas, that in the first-named so many should have stopped their engines.



A RILEY "NINE" AT THE R.A.C. MOTOR RALLY Mrs. M. M. Riley and her passengers with the Riley "Nine," which won a first in Class II in the Group d'Élégance and Coachwork Competition, held at Torquay in connection with the recent R.A.C. Rally

Alas, too, that so many should have done some apparently miraculous stoppages by, in over-anxiety, treading on the brake pedal quite a long while before the line was reached. These things are bound to happen, or at least it would seem that they are very hard to avoid. And then the query, if in the slow-running test, an engine can be arranged to turn over quite rapidly at a car speed of only a few hundred yards per hour, why not allow the ordinary sort of clutch slipping? Who wants to go so slowly on top anyway? The answer is that a great many of us want smooth motion under all conditions, and that the fluid fly-wheel and its equivalents give us this benefit. Whilst the Lanchesters, Daimlers, and Armstrong-Siddeleys had their standard chassis specifications, many other cars boasted special devices for accomplishing the object of the elastic form of transmission. The Rileys, or rather some of them, were equipped with the new Salvini torque-converter, and the Invicta of Mr. Donald Healey had an automatic vacuum servo control of its clutch action.

With Colonel Loughborough's Lanchester taking first place in the bigger car class, followed by J. Mercer's Daimler as second, and Mr. G. F. Dennison's Riley third, a very fine show was made by the Armstrong-Siddeleys, who, with Mr. H. P. Henry and Mr. J. D. Siddeley at the wheels, got two places out of the first six, and no less than four out of

the first twelve. The simultaneous arrival of a procession of nine of these cars in elegant formation at Torquay was an impressive sight.

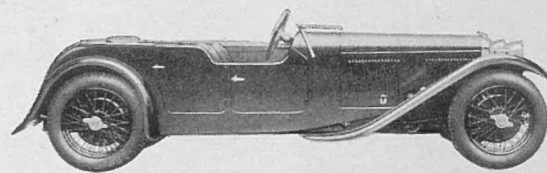
The general results and prize awards were as follow: "The Autocar" Trophy and £25—Colonel A. H. Loughborough (Lanchester, over 1,100 c.c.). "The Light Car and Cycle-car" Trophy and £25—Mr. V. E. Leverett (Riley, under 1,100 c.c.). "The Motor" Cup for best performance in flexibility and brake test—Colonel A. H. Loughborough. Team prize—The Motor Cycling Club's "D" team: Mr. R. Way (Rover), Mr. D. Healey (Invicta), and Colonel A. H. Loughborough (Lanchester). Eastbourne Cup, for best performance with normal clutch—R. S. G. Riley (Riley). Douglas-Morris Cup, for best performance in flexibility and brake test, with normal clutch—G. H. Strong (Standard). Ladies' Prize, Class I—Lady de Clifford (Lagonda). Ladies' Prize, Class II—Mrs. M. M. Riley (Riley). "Daily Telegraph" Cup—Mr. J. Mercer (Daimler). Norwich Cup—Mr. G. F. Dennison (Riley). "Bristol Times and Mirror" Cup—Colonel A. H. Loughborough (Lanchester). "Daily Dispatch" Cup—Mr. R. St. G. Riley (Riley). "Yorkshire Post" Cup—Mr. J. A. Middleton Joy (Armstrong-Siddeley). "Daily Post and Echo" Cup—Mr. M. Tombs (Armstrong-Siddeley). "Newcastle Evening Chronicle" Cup—Lord de Clifford (Lagonda). Edinburgh Cup—Mr. W. J. Thomson (Armstrong-Siddeley).



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